No. 8
BAT MAN
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
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ANOTHER MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

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Following is a complete list of the magazines which comprise the SUPERMAN DC Comic Group:

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MORE FUN COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
FLASH COMICS
SUPERMAN
BATMAN
ALL-STAR COMICS
ALL FLASH QUARTERLY
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
GREEN LANTERN

WHEN we announced the formation of our Editorial Advisory Board in all our publications last month, we really did not expect such a wonderful reaction. We are receiving letters every day from every state in the union, from people in every walk of life, complimenting us on our selection and thanking us for our efforts in providing the boys and girls of America with clean, wholesome, comic entertainment.

It makes us very happy, indeed, to see that the majority of these letters are written and sent to us by the parents of our readers and our Editorial Advisory Board joins us in expressing our appreciation.

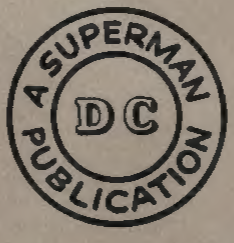
We welcome, at all times, letters from our readers as well as their parents and we hope that many more of you will write us.

This month we take great pleasure in introducing two more members of our Editorial Advisory Board.

Dr. William Moulton Marston, the well-known consulting psychologist, received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University. He has been a lecturer in psychology at the Universities of Columbia, New York and Southern California, and director of the Psychological Clinic at Tufts College. He is a frequent contributor to such outstanding magazines as Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal and Readers' Digest.

Our other new member of the Editorial Advisory Board is **Dr. W. W. Sones,** Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sones is also a consultant of the Pennsylvania State Department of Education and the Carnegie Foundation for Teachers.

Sincerely,
The Publishers



THIS TRADEMARK IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN COMIC READING

P.S. Miss Josette Frank, of the Child Study Association recently made a radio address over station WABC and the Columbia Network on the subject of "CHILDREN'S COMICS." A copy of this address will be sent without charge to those readers or parents requesting it.

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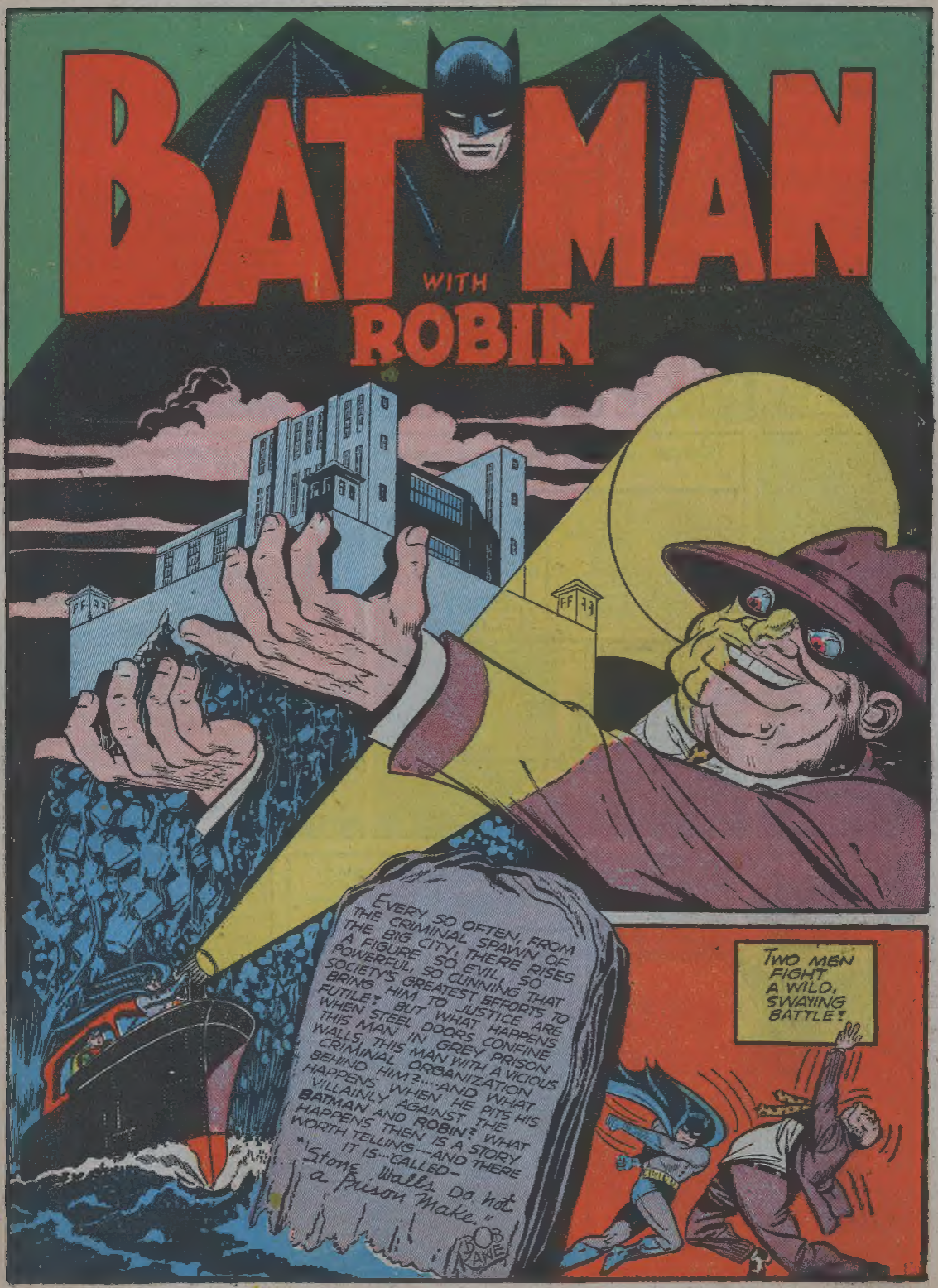

BAT MAN
WITH
ROBIN
EVERY SO OFTEN, FROM THE CRIMINAL SPAWN OF THE BIG CITY, THERE RISES A FIGURE SO EVIL, SO POWERFUL, SO CUNNING THAT SOCIETY'S GREATEST EFFORTS TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE ARE FUTILE! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN STEEL DOORS CONFINE THIS MAN IN GREY PRISON WALLS, THIS MAN WITH A VICIOUS CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION BEHIND HIM?...AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE PITS HIS VILLAINLY AGAINST THE BATMAN AND ROBIN? WHAT HAPPENS THEN IS A STORY WORTH TELLING---AND THERE IT IS---CALLED--
"Stone Walls Do not a Prison Make."
BOB KANE
TWO MEN FIGHT A WILD, SWAYING BATTLE!

STARTLING NEWS HEADLINES THE MORNING PAPERS...

DAILY STAR

BATMAN NABS BIG MIKE RUSSO WITH PROOF OF CRIME CZAR'S ACTIVITIES!

RUSSO CONFERS WITH HIS LAWYER IN A POLICE STATION CELL-

IT LOOKS BAD, MIKE--THEY'VE GOT TOO MUCH ON YOU!

YEAH! I KNOW! BUT I BEEN THINKING--AND I GOT ME A TERRIFIC IDEA! NOW YOU LISTEN..

BIG MIKE RUSSO'S TRIAL IS A SWIFT ONE...

...AND IT IS THE DUTY OF THIS COURT TO SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT IN THE STATE PRISON-

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME JUDGE.. I BEEN NEEDIN' A VACATION ANYWAY!

AND SO BIG MIKE RUSSO GOES TO PRISON ON THE EAST RIVER...

WARDEN HIGGINS GREETS HIS NEW CHARGE...

RUSSO, YOU WERE A BIG SHOT ONCE-BUT THAT WAS OUTSIDE THESE WALLS...NOW YOU'RE INSIDE-REMEMBER THAT, AND DON'T EXPECT ANY PRIVILEGES!

TOO BAD! I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE ME AFTERNOON TEA SOIVED TA ME-TCH-TCH! I GOT SORTA USED TO IT, TOO!

THE NEWS OF BIG MIKE'S CAPTURE HAS TRAVELED VIA THE PRISON....

IT'S BIG MIKE ALL RIGHT!

HYA, JOE...I AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE CHI! HYA, MUGGSY! WELL-- TRIGGER BRUN-- WHEN DID THEY GRAB YOU?

HYA, MIKE!

THEY WON'T HOLD YOU IN HERE LONG-EH, MIKE!

YOU...GET OFF! I'M TAKING THE LOWER! YOU TAKE THE UPPER!

SURE..SURE-- ANYTHING YOU SAY, BIG MIKE! IT'S NICE TO HAVE YOU WITH ME!

AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR MIKE'S IMPRISONMENT SPEAKS TO HIS YOUNG AIDE..

WELL...YOU FINALLY PUT MIKE RUSSO WHERE HE BELONGS!

YES...AND I THINK THIS MEANS THE END OF HIS ACTIVITIES!

BUT THE NEXT DAY AS WARDEN HIGGINS DRIVES BACK FROM THE CITY TOWARD THE JAIL-

HENRY-YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY TO.... WHAAA!...

I'M NOT HENRY... AND WE'RE GOING THE RIGHT WAY! NOW SIT BACK AND RELAX TILL MY PALS GET HERE!

SOMETIME LATER--IN A HIDDEN ROOM--
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
MAYBE--THAT'S RIGHT, MAC. THAT EYEBROW GOES UP A LITTLE THERE--YEAH--NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!
MOMENTS AFTER---TWO WARDEN HIGGINS STAND IN THE ROOM!
A CLEVER MAKE-UP JOB---BUT YOU'LL NEVER FOOL ANYBODY-WHAT ABOUT VOICE AND GESTURES?
WE'RE TAKING CARE OF THAT, TOO! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!
THE LIGHTS WINK OUT AND---
I DO NOT BELIEVE IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT FOR MEN WHO---
... WE ALSO HAVE RADIO TALKS! GOOD THING YOU'RE AN IMPORTANT MAN! WE'VE ENOUGH MATERIAL TO HAVE OUR MAN COPY YOUR GESTURES AND MANNER OF SPEAKING-CLEVER, EH?
A NEWS-REEL OF ME!
LATER THAT EVENING--TWO BOATS PULL UP BEFORE THE ISLAND PRISON--
YOU'RE BACK LATE, WARDEN! WHY ALL THE NEW GUARDS?
I GOT A TIP THAT THERE MAY BE AN ATTEMPTED PRISON BREAK TONIGHT!
BUT ONCE INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS, THE NEW GUARDS MOVE FAST, AND THIS SCENE IS DUPLICATED MANY TIMES IN THE DEATH HOUSE WING--
GET 'EM UP!
HUH?
HYA, BOSS! EVERYTHING WORKED LIKE A CHARM--WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FEET?
AL--IF I DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WAS, I'D SAY YOU WAS HIGGINS HIMSELF! OH! MY FEET! THESE PRISON SHOES!---NOW I CAN PUT ON SOME SOFT SHOES!
THE PRISON GUARDS ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR GUNS AND HERDED FORWARD INTO THE PRISON YARD-
YOU GUARDS--- I'M GONNA MAKE THIS PLACE MY HEADQUARTERS--NOW, YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE EATIN' OUTA GOLD PLATES!
NOT ME! YOU CAN'T USE ME FOR YOUR ROTTEN WORK.
A SHOT CRASHES THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT---
THAT'S WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO OTHER QUITTERS! NOW--YOU WANNA THROW IN WITH ME--? THINK IT OVER!

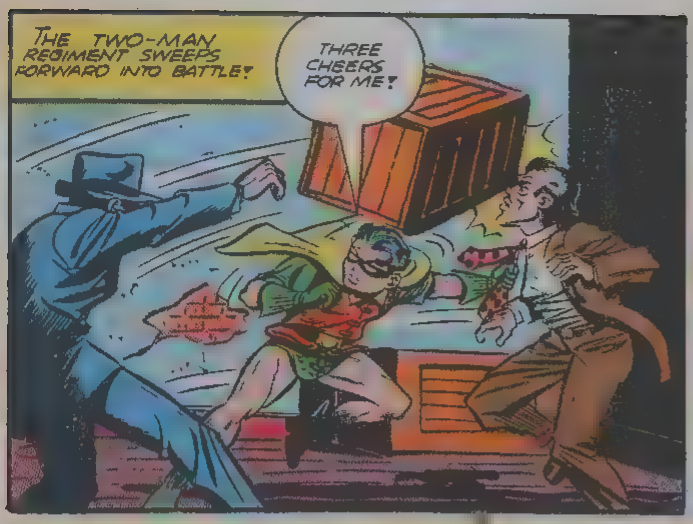
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO ABOUT THIS GUY, BOSS?
SAY ONE OF PRISONERS GOT A GUN AND IN TRYING TO ESCAPE SHOT THIS GUY--NOW LET'S GET OVER TO "MURDERERS' ROW"!
MURDERERS' ROW--WHERE CONDEMNED KILLERS AWAIT EXECUTION--
BOYS! I GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YA!
THE BIG SHOT HIMSELF!
MIKE EXPLAINS HIS PLANS TO USE THE PRISON AS HIS HEADQUARTERS WHILE THE MEN OF MURDERERS' ROW GO OUT AND PULL BIG JOBS---
SURE--WE'LL THROW IN WITH YA, MIKE...
GOOD! I'M ONLY LETTING YOU BOYS IN ON THIS--IF THE OTHER PRISONERS FOUND OUT--WORD MIGHT GET OUTSIDE-
JUST CONTINUE TO ACT LIKE CONDEMNED MEN AND EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY!
AND SO, WITHIN A WEEK, THE CITY IS SHAKEN BY A SERIES OF BOLD ROBBERIES...
AFTER EACH ROBBERY, THE CRIMINALS ABANDON THEIR STOLEN CARS, AND PILE INTO FLEET MOTOR LAUNCHES ON THE EAST RIVER--
...AND SOON MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE!
GONE AGAIN! WHERE DID THEY GO?
IT'S A CINCH THEY CAN'T BE SEEKING REFUGE ON NORTH ISLAND THAT'S ONE PLACE THEY'RE SURE TO STAY AWAY FROM!
HOW DID IT GO, BOYS?
WE MADE A BIG HAUL TONIGHT AND THOSE COPS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR US!

THE NEXT DAY-A MOVIE TRUCK PULLS UP BEFORE A LOCAL BANK--
WE'D LIKE TO SHOOT A SCENE HERE--A BANK HOLDUP! WILL YOU HOLD BACK THE PEOPLE-
SURE- GO RIGHT AHEAD!
WORLD STUDIOS
THE CAMERA FILMS A VERY REALISTIC HOLDUP-
LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING- EH?
WATCHING THE FILMING WITH GREAT INTEREST IS BRUCE WAYNE--
THIS LOOKS A BIT JUST TOO GENUINE! THEY'RE REAL BULLETS!
SLIPPING INTO AN ALLEY, BRUCE PEELS OFF HIS OUTER CLOTHING AND BECOMES--
THE BATMAN IS GOING TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!
MEANWHILE, THE POLICE COME TO THE SAME CONCUSION AS THE BATMAN!
HEY, CHARLIE--- HE'S SHOT- THIS WAS A REAL HOLDUP!
BUT EVEN AS THE BOGUS MOVIE TRUCK DARTS AWAY, A MANTLED FIGURE CATAPULTS FORWARD!
I MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS! THE BATMAN!
NOTHIN' WRONG WITH YOUR EYESIGHT. IT'S ME, ALL RIGHT!
HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A MOVIE TEST!

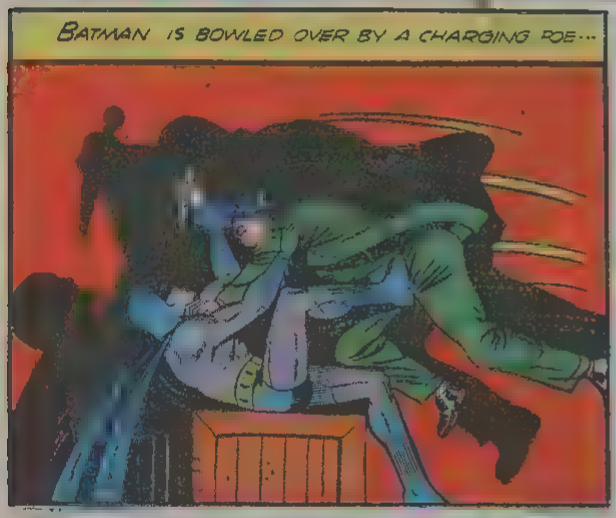
IN THE TUSSLE, A HANDKERCHIEF FALLS AND THE BATMAN CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE MAN'S FACE---
THE NEXT INSTANT, THE CAR WHIPS ABOUT A CORNER AT BREAK-NECK SPEED, HURLING THE BATMAN FROM HIS PERCH!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! THAT GUNMAN IS TRIGGER SHERMAN-- SUPPOSED TO BE ON NORTH ISLAND PRISON- WAITING FOR EXECUTION-
THE BATMAN VISITS COMMISSIONER GORDON--
--AND TRIGGER SHERMAN IS IN THE SAME PRISON THAT BIG MIKE RUSSO IS IN! AND THOSE ROBBERIES LATELY ALL BEAR THE STAMP OF WILY MIKE!
RUSSO BEHIND ALL THIS? IMPOSSIBLE! TO PROVE YOU'RE WRONG, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE PRISON MYSELF-
AND SO--LATER THAT DAY---
THE PRISON SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER, WARDEN!
PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE I SENT THEM HERE!
BATMAN- YOU DON'T SEEM VERY POPULAR!
THE BATMAN- BOO!
BOO! BATMAN!
BATMAN- HERE'S TRIGGER SHERMAN!
HELLO, TRIGGER! HOW ARE THEY TREATING YOU?
JUST DANDY! YOU GOTTA EXCUSE ME NOW --I GOTTA PUT ON ME TUXEDO SO'S I CAN GO TO THE POLICEMEN'S BALL!
BIG MIKE RUSSO RECEIVES THE VISITORS
WELL-- THE BATMAN AND COMMISSIONER GORDON! THIS IS AN HONOR!
TOO BAD I CAN'T SAY THE SAME!
SUDDENLY THE BATMAN RIVETS HIS KEEN EYES ON RUSSO'S FEET---

LATER... OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS...
SO RUSSO IS WEARING SPECIAL SHOES INSTEAD OF THE REGULATION ONES--SOMETHING'S WRONG!
GORDON I WANT TO ARRANGE TO HAVE ME SENT TO JAIL!
HUH!
THE NEXT DAY A SNARLING, SCOWLING PRISONER IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE BOGUS "WARDEN"!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THIS MUGG THE OLD SPIEL!
SAVE THE SOFT SOAP, BROTHER! I AIN'T INTERESTED!
AHEM--PAUL "KILLER" SIKES--AS THE PRISON WARDEN, I WISH TO WARN----
LATER AS ONE OF THE PRISON "GUARDS" PUSHES THE PRISONER TOWARD HIS CELL--
DON'T SHOVE! I CAN WALK IN BY MYSELF!
HOLD IT... TOUGH GUY, EH?
I'LL KILL YOU!
TOUGH ENOUGH? WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
I CAN USE TOUGH GUYS! YOU'RE KILLER SIKES! MAYBE I CAN LET YOU IN ON SOMETHING BIG!
YEAH?... START TALKIN'!
SOMETIME LATER--IN HIS OWN CELL, THE PRISONER SMILES... FOR UNDER THE CLEVER MAKEUP IS THE GRINNING FACE OF BRUCE WAYNE, THE BATMAN-
I'M IN! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET WORD TO ROBIN--HE'S WAITING OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS--CAN'T USE MY COMPACT WIRELESS...WAIT...I HAVE AN IDEA!
OUTSIDE IN THE PRISON YARD, A HAND SCRAWLS A MESSAGE ON A BASEBALL--
"FINK" WAREHOUSE 9 1 TONITE
OUT OF THE WAY, PUNK--I'M UP!
HERE, PITCHER--I LIKE A NEW BALL WHEN I PLAY!

THE BATMAN WAITS TILL THE RIGHT PITCH COMES ALONG, AND THEN----
SOCK
A HOME RUN!
---A SMALL FIGURE DARTS TOWARD THE BOUNDING BALL AND SNAGGING IT, RACES AWAY!
THE BATMAN SAID HIS MESSAGE WOULD COME OVER THE WALL SOMEWAY- THIS MUST BE IT!
THAT NIGHT---
OKAY, YOU GUYS---YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS. KILLER, THIS IS YOUR FIRST JOB, WITH ME. LETS SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!
DON'T WORRY- YOU'LL SEE PLENTY BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER!
ONE HOUR LATER-- 9 O'CLOCK... THE FINK WAREHOUSE
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT'RE YA STARIN' AT ME FOR?
C'MON, KILLER. GOT THOSE-- HOLY SMOKE!
YOUR FACE- IT'S MELTIN'!
THAT AIN'T HIS FACE! IT'S MAKEUP...THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THAT LIGHT BULB HE'S STANDIN' UNDER MELTED IT!
THE BATMAN'S HAND DARTS SWIFTLY TO THE LIGHT SWITCH, AND---
GET THE LIGHT ON, SOMEBODY!
...WHERE IS THAT GUY?
RIGHT HERE, CHUM!
THE BATMAN!
THEN PLUNGING INTO THE ROOM IS ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER---


THE TWO-MAN REGIMENT SWEEPS FORWARD INTO BATTLE!
THREE CHEERS FOR ME!

TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!


BATMAN IS BOWLED OVER BY A CHARGING ROE...

...BUT TURNS THE CHARGE TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE-
A LITTLE JU JITSU COMES IN HANDY-- AT TIMES-

LET'S TAKE 'EM, ROBIN!
BOY-BOY!

BUT THE GUNMEN FINALLY CONVERGE UPON THE DUO UNTIL ONLY BY WEIGHT OF NUMBERS DO THEY OVERCOME THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
THIS KID IS A WILD CAT!

LATER. WHEN THE BATMAN OPENS PAINED EYES--
WHAT... WHAT IS THIS?
A CELL, PAL--- YOU PUT PLENTY OF MY BOYS IN THEM BROTHER. NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT--
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE--JUST LIKE MY MEN DIED. TOO BAD THIS STATE HAS NO ELECTRIC CHAIR--BUT I'LL BE CONTENT WITH SEEING YOU KICK OFF, IN A GAS CHAMBER! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS THERE--
THESE "EGGS" HIT A PAN OF WATER--THEY CRACKLE--FIZZ AND LET OFF AN ODORLESS, COLORLESS GAS. IN A FEW SECONDS YOU'RE DEAD AND WITH NO PAIN BUT.. GUESS WHAT I'M GONNA DO WITH YOU?
YOU INTEND TO DROP ONLY ONE GAS PELLET SO MINE WILL BE A LINGERING DEATH, EH?
RIGHT--PAL HAW-HAW-AND I'M LETTIN' YOU HAVE YOUR LAST SUPPER!
THEY MADE ME DO THIS!
ROBIN!
ENJOYED IT, EH? OKAY--NOW YOUR LAST WORDS TO ROBIN AND OFF WE GO TO THE GAS CHAMBER!
MY LAST WORDS?... I WISH I HAD A BURPO SELTZER TABLET! I THINK I ATE TOO MUCH! MY STOMACH'S BOTHERING ME----
HUH!
IT IS A SORELY DISAPPOINTED ROBIN WHO IS ALLOWED TO GO FOR THE BURPO SELTZER TABLETS-
"LAST WORDS"--HUH! WE AREN'T EVER GOING TO SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN, AND ALL HE CAN ASK FOR IS STOMACH TABLETS-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
BATMAN GETS HIS TABLETS!
GOOD OLD SELTZER TABLET! NOTICE, ROBIN, HOW IT HITS THE WATER AND FIZZES-GOOD FOR THE STOMACH, THIS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? HE ISN'T HIMSELF! UNLESS--MAYBE HE'S TRYING TO SEND ME A MESSAGE--BURPO SELTZER TABLETS--I WONDER IF HE MEANS--?
ROBIN IS LED AWAY FROM THE CONDEMNED BATMAN-
SO--- SO LONG, BATMAN!
GOOD BYE, ROBIN! THANKS FOR THE TABLETS-I FEEL MUCH BETTER- YOU OUGHT TO TAKE THEM SOMETIME, TOO!

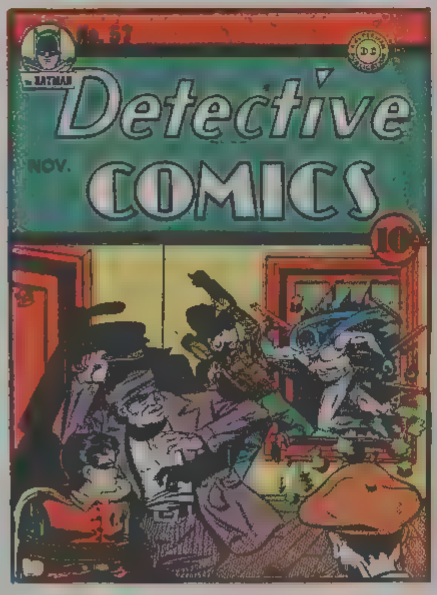
A FLOOR BELOW, A STEEL DOOR CLOSES- ROBIN HAS BEEN PUT IN SOLITARY!
OKAY-- SMART KID- LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THERE!
A BARE STEEL ROOM! ABOVE A TINY VENTILATOR- NO KEYHOLE ON THE DOOR
CLOP CLOP
THERE'S NO WAY OUT - NO KEYHOLE---NOTHING BUT STEEL WALLS - WAIT - WHAT'S THAT?... FOOTSTEPS!
FOOTSTEPS! THE BATMAN MARCHING TOWARD HIS DOOM---THE GAS CHAMBER.
GAS CHA
BELOW- ROBIN GROWS FRANTIC! HOW CAN HE ESCAPE FROM AN ESCAPE-PROOF CELL?
GOT TO GET OUT-- IF I COULD ONLY MOVE THAT BOLT OUTSIDE---NEED A MAGNET FOR THAT--- MAGNET--I'VE GOT IT--- MY BELT- WIRELESS SET- DYNAMO!
NOTE--- A DYNAMO CONSISTS OF A MAGNET WITH WIRE AROUND IT!
GOOD THING DYNAMO MAGNETS ARE THE MOST POWERFUL IN THE WORLD- NOW--MOVE THE LATCH UP LIKE THIS!
NOTE - LATCH
LOCKED
OPEN
PUT THE CYANIDE EGGS ON THE RELEASE, JOE! WE'RE ALL SET NOW!
THE BATMAN IS BEING STRAPPED IN THE CHAIR.. CAN ROBIN ESCAPE IN TIME TO SAVE THE BATMAN?
MINUTES PASS- CRIMINALS EAGERLY OBSERVE, AS THEIR NEMESIS THE BATMAN IS ABOUT TO DIE!
IT TOOK ME, MIKE RUSSO, TO END THE CAREER OF THE GREAT BATMAN! HA-HA!

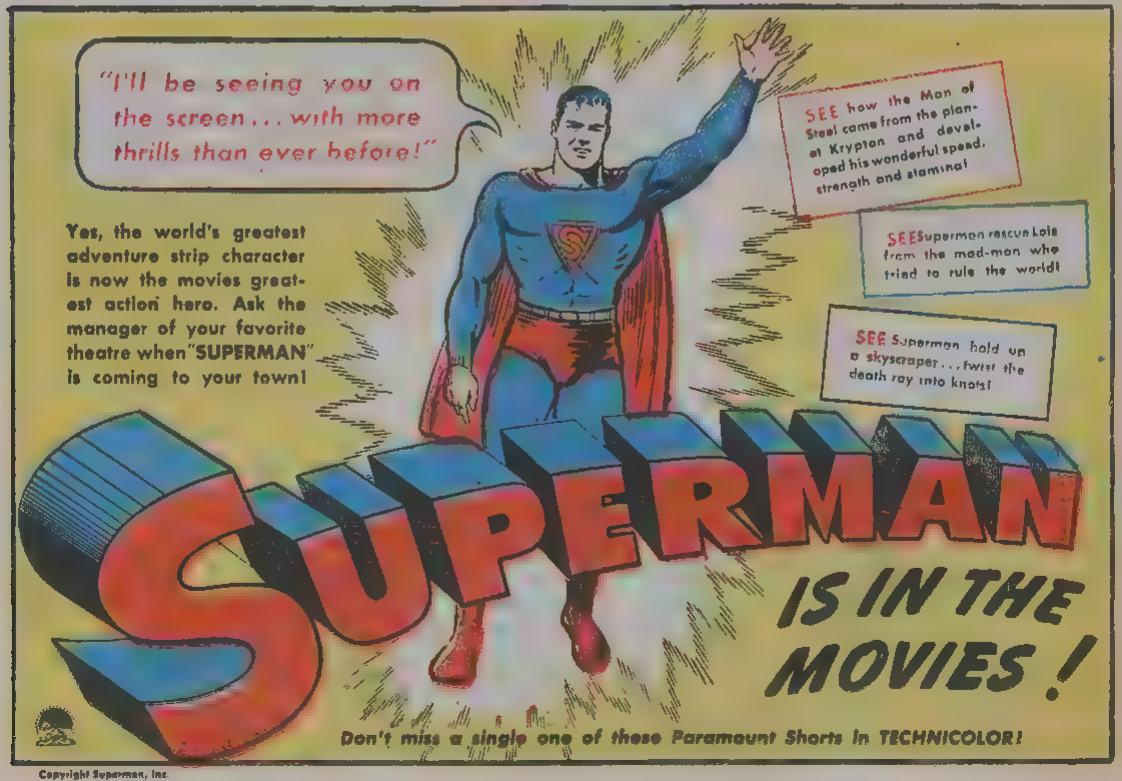
THE "BOOS" HIT THE WATER!.. A CRACKLE-- A FIZZ--
WOW! LOOK AT HIM PRESS AGAINST THOSE STRAPS!
HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S GOING TO JUMP RIGHT THROUGH THEM!
BREATHLESS MINUTES PASS--AND THEN--
HA! HE'S THROUGH! WAIT FIVE MINUTES TILL THE GAS DISSIPATES, AND THEN DRAG HIM OUT!
HE'S DEAD! THE BATMAN'S DEAD! IT DON'T SEEM POSSIBLE--
AFTER FIVE MINUTES--THE BATMAN'S LIMP BODY IS DRAGGED ALONG THE FLOOR--
THIS IS A PLEASURE I BEEN WAITIN' FOR A LONG TIME!
THEN WITHOUT WARNING--THE BODY COMES TO LIFE!
MAY I HAVE MY FEET BACK, PLEASE?
THANK YOU!
THE BATMAN! ALIVE...
BUT-- IT CAN'T BE-- I MEAN... HOW?
THEN OUT FROM ANOTHER CORNER DARTS ANOTHER MANTLED FIGURE!
12

RUSSO'S BOGUS PRISON "GUARDS" HURRY UP THE STAIRS--AND GO DOWN AGAIN EQUALLY AS FAST!
MY, MY-- SUCH EXPLOSIVE LANGUAGE!
HURRY-GET THAT GUY!
C'MON-BLAST THAT GUY TO BITS!
---THE WARDEN, I BELIEVE--- OR CAN I BE WRONG?--AND IT SEEMS I AM!
THE BATMAN SEEKS OUT RUSSO--MUCH TO THAT MAN'S DISMAY!
I'LL PLUG--- OWWW!
TCH-TCH! YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME YOU HAD CORNS- YOU SEEM TO BE IN PAIN!
I BELIEVE I'LL PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY!
AS INMATES AND PHONEY GUARDS CHARGE FORWARD AGAIN, A VOICE CRACKS THRU THE AIR!
DROP THOSE GUNS OR YOU'RE ALL DEAD MEN!
ONE MOVE AND I DROP THESE CYANIDE EGGS INTO THE WATER. WE'LL DIE- ALL OF US!
WE'LL DROP OUR GUNS-- WON'T WE BOYS?
OKAY, KID!
AND SO--LATER AFTER THE PRISONERS HAVE BEEN QUESTIONED AND THRUST INTO CELLS---
ONE THING- WHY DIDN'T YOU DIE IN THE GAS CHAMBER? I SAW THE CYANIDE "EGGS" DROP-
NOT CYANIDE--BURPO SELTZER! I PALMED THIS TUBE AND AFTER I ESCAPED FROM SOLITARY I SUBSTITUTED THEM FOR THE EGGS". THEY FIZZED-
-AND SINCE THE GAS IS COLORLESS AND ODORLESS, YOU COULDN'T TELL IF IT WAS REAL OR NOT- I GUESS ROBIN SCARED YOU BOYS WITH BURPO TABLETS BEFORE, TOO! NOW WE'LL HUNT UP THE REAL WARDEN AND MARK "FINIS" TO THIS CASE-

THE WINNING TEAM!

BATMAN
AND
ROBIN
BATTLE THEIR WAY
THROUGH FAST
AND FANTASTIC
ENCOUNTERS WITH
The World's Worst
(AND THEREFORE **BEST!**)
VILLAINS
EVERY MONTH
IN
DETECTIVE COMICS!

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Yes, the world's greatest adventure strip character is now the movies greatest action hero. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when "SUPERMAN" is coming to your town!
SEE how the Man of Steel came from the planet Krypton and developed his wonderful speed, strength and stamina!
SEE Superman rescue Lois from the mad-man who tried to rule the world!
SEE Superman hold up a skyscraper... twist the death ray into knots!
SUPERMAN
IS IN THE MOVIES!
Don't miss a single one of these Paramount Shorts in TECHNICOLOR!

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RESCUE MISSION

BY JOHN HILTON

THIS was the first day in three rain hadn't hampered the search. Today, there was no sun but at least a pilot could see. Anxiously, Navy pilot Bob Crane focussed his binoculars over Death Jungle, which held the secret of Doctor Scott and his two assistants, who had been reported missing from the expedition. This was the last day the navy planes could search.

The Commander had been right when he said anyone lost in this jungle was likely to stay there. It was like being in a high-walled prison, the way cliffs and bluffs surrounded the dense foliage of the jungle. Landing would be virtually impossible.

Bob's powerful motor roared over the silence of the jungle. Studying his map, he noticed he was close to Amaprano volcano. In the time that had elapsed, the Scott party could not have gone further than that.

Yet how was a search pilot to know? The closely linked trees jealously guarded the jungle's secret. A man lost there had no more chance of being found than a needle in a haystack. Not unless . . . unless. . . .

It was as though Bob's thought had been voiced! He had been thinking that if the Scott party were alive and well, they should have managed some sort of signal.

And now, right before him, a thin trail of smoke was rising!

Less than a minute later, Bob saw them.

Two men, clothing in tatters, were waving their arms wildly, first pointing to the skies, then gesticulating to a figure at their feet.

It was Doctor Scott, and badly hurt Bob saw.

Bob studied the area where he had found Scott and his party. Here, the trees were not quite as dense, not so closely packed together. And there was a small clearing at their foot.

Only for an instant did Bob reckon the danger. Then, his cool, methodical mind sprang to his aid. Carefully judging the distance, he sent the plane into a side-slip, one of the most difficult maneuvers in a pilot's book.

Bob's face was grim as the plane's wings grazed the trees. Anxiously, he coaxed the plane down.

He found himself wet with perspiration when the ship came to the ground safely. One of the men rushed over: "I'm Ransom," he said. "That was one of the finest pieces of flying I've ever seen." His voice was excited. "We've been running from natives," he said. "That's why we couldn't signal. It was agonizing, hearing your plane the last two days and being afraid to do anything about it. Today, we decided to take a chance when the Doctor's wound got worse."

Doctor Scott smiled weakly at Bob. He tried to speak when suddenly a low, ominous rumble spread through the jungle. The earth seemed to shake. The Doctor turned frightened eyes in the direction of the sound. "Amaprano," he whispered. "It's erupting!"

The rumbling grew louder and a bright flash spread over the jungle. Ransom spoke first. "It looks like we're trapped, Lieutenant," he said. "But there is a chance that you and the Doctor might get out. We want you to take it."

Bob knew what was in the man's mind. The same thing was in his own. If, by some miracle, he could get out, the Doctor was the only person he could carry. The plane might lift over the trees, but never over the cliffs behind the erupting volcano.

The rumbling was like thunderclaps now and the flashes came regularly. Wild animals crashed through the foliage, frightened and seeking safety. Doctor Scott said weakly: "I would rather stay here, Lieutenant, with my men."

It was a heroic gesture and in that instant Bob knew the reasons for the tales of courage that had grown around Doctor Scott. He looked at the pain-wracked face of the scientist and said: "Sorry, sir. I think we'll risk it." Brusquely, he said to the two men. "Carry him into the plane. And get in yourselves."

Ransom stared at him. "But you won't be able to get elevation with such a load. You'll never clear those cliffs!"

Bob's lips were grim. "I've got an idea," he said. "Get in!"

Yes, it was an idea, dangerous and one chance in a million. But he decided to take it. The plane, he was sure, would clear the tree tops if he side-slipped carefully.

It did! He heard Ransom's sigh of relief as the over-loaded ship zoomed levelly ahead toward the volcano. Smoke and fire and gasses rolled from it as the fighting plane nosed forward.

Heat blasted the sides of the ship. Bob revved up the motor.

"Now!" The word snapped from Bob's lips as he pulled back on the stick. For an instant, the ship seemed suspended in mid-air, over the yawning jaws of death.

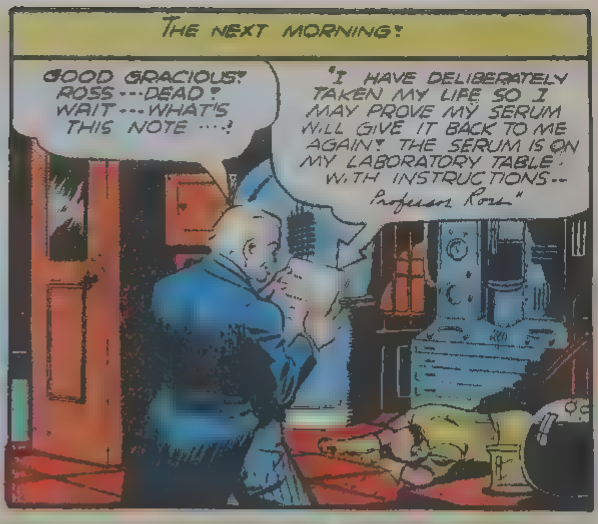
Then, suddenly, it rose high as the gasses of the volcano caught it, tossed it in the air like a plaything. Back went the stick in Bob's whitened hands. Her nose went up as he pushed the motor to her utmost. The fuselage just grazed the dangerous, jagged cliffs as the ship cleared them! Bob had won his battle with nature, turned an enemy into an ally. He was grinning as Ransom's head poked toward him. "You did it," Ransom whispered. "You did it."

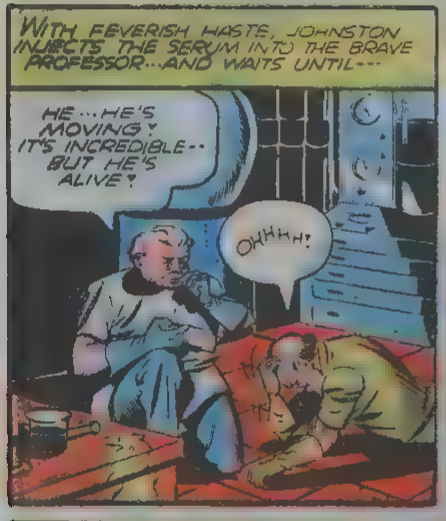
Bob smiled. "Had to," he said. "The Navy wanted me back on time."

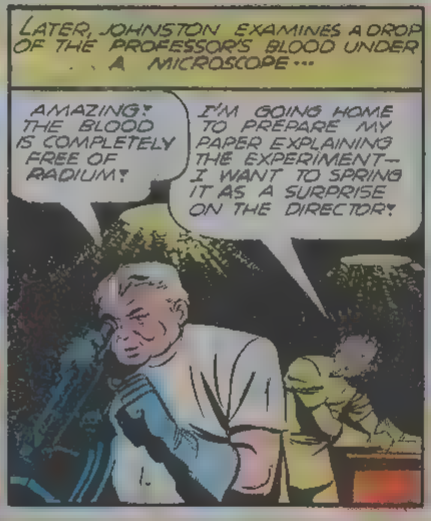
BATMAN
with
ROBIN
BATMAN AND ROBIN, SWORN ENEMIES OF CRIME, MATCH WITS WITH A SINISTER AND CLEVER MASTER OF THE WEAPONS OF SCIENCE! WHO IS THIS INCREDIBLE, EERIE FIGURE GLOWING WITH UNHOLY, FLOURESCENT LIGHT? LET US CALL HIM BY THAT DREAD NAME WHICH IS TO BECOME SO TERRIBLY FAMILIAR TO ALL ---- Professor Radium!
CAN THE DYNAMIC DUO COPE WITH THE STRANGE WEAPONS OF THE WORLD OF SCIENCE? CAN THEY DEFEAT A MAN WHO MUST KILL SO THAT HE MAY LIVE? HERE IS THE ANSWER IN THE MOST AMAZING OF ALL ADVENTURES CALLED--
"The Strange Case of Professor Radium!"
A STRANGE REQUEST IS MADE AT THE CITY DOG POUND--
THE PERMIT SEEMS ALL RIGHT. WE CAN DELIVER THE DOGS TO YOUR LABORATORY TONIGHT!
GAS CHAMBER CITY DOG POUND
EXCELLENT! I WANT THEM AS THEY ARE NOW-DEAD!

THAT NIGHT--IN A HOSPITAL LABORATORY, THE SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR ROSS, LABORS TO SOLVE MAN'S GREATEST RIDDLE--
WILL MY RADIUM SERUM REPAIR DEAD TISSUE AND MAKE MAN LIVE FOREVER? I SHALL EITHER FIND THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY SINCE TIME BEGAN---OR FAILURE!
BUT THE SERUM-INJECTED DOGS SHOW NO SIGN OF MOVEMENT--
I'VE FAILED! ALL THESE MONTHS OF WORK-BUT WAIT - PERHAPS IT'S TOO SOON-- PERHAPS IT NEEDS MORE TIME!
MINUTES DRAG INTO HOURS; AND AS THE BLEARY-EYED SCIENTIST WAITS AND WATCHES, SLEEP FINALLY CONQUERS HIS EXHAUSTED BODY--
A HAND SHAKES HIM--
HEY--WAKE UP! YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT IN THAT CHAIR ALL NIGHT! AND SAY, WHAT ARE YOU STARTING AROUND HERE-- A DOG KENNEL? HA-HA!
ALIVE! THE DOGS ARE ALIVE! RADIUM SERUM CAN REPAIR PROTOPLASM! I MUST SUBMIT A REPORT TO THE DIRECTORS AT ONCE! NEXT I MUST REVIVE A DEAD MAN-- THAN I SHALL BE FAMOUS!
LATER THAT DAY, IN THE INSTITUTE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE--
THEY LOOK LIKE THE DOGS WE DELIVERED TO THE PROFESSOR, BUT I CAN'T BE SURE!
THESE X-RAYS SHOW NO TRACE OF RADIUM IN THE DOGS! ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL A HOAX ON ME, PROFESSOR?
OF COURSE NOT! I'LL BRING ANOTHER DOG TO LIFE AND PROVE MY CLAIM IS TRUE!
A LIVE DOG COULD BE SUBSTITUTED FOR A DEAD ONE, YOU KNOW! YOUR LIFE-RENEWING CLAIM SEEMS ABSURD! PERHAPS YOU HAVE APPROPRIATED THE RADIUM FOR YOUR OWN PRIVATE USE
FOR YOUR EXCELLENT WORK IN THE PAST, WE WILL NOT CHARGE YOU WITH THE THEFT OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF RADIUM, BUT SHALL INSTEAD ASK FOR YOUR RESIGNATION! GOOD DAY, PROFESSOR ROSS!

BAH! I'LL SHOW HIM WHAT A TRUE SCIENTIST IS!... A MAN WHO IS WILLING TO EXPERIMENT ON HIMSELF TO PROVE TO THE WORLD HE'S RIGHT!


THE NEXT MORNING!
GOOD GRACIOUS! ROSS---DEAD! WAIT---WHAT'S THIS NOTE ....!
"I HAVE DELIBERATELY TAKEN MY LIFE SO I MAY PROVE MY SERUM WILL GIVE IT BACK TO ME AGAIN! THE SERUM IS ON MY LABORATORY TABLE WITH INSTRUCTIONS-- Professor Ross"

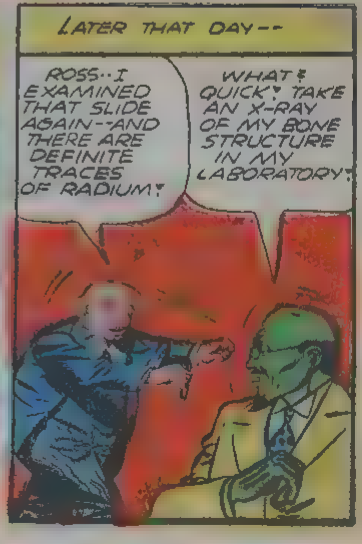

WITH FEVERISH HASTE, JOHNSTON INJECTS THE SERUM INTO THE BRAVE PROFESSOR...AND WAITS UNTIL---
HE...HE'S MOVING! IT'S INCREDIBLE-- BUT HE'S ALIVE!
OHHHH!


LATER, JOHNSTON EXAMINES A DROP OF THE PROFESSOR'S BLOOD UNDER A MICROSCOPE...
AMAZING! THE BLOOD IS COMPLETELY FREE OF RADIUM!
I'M GOING HOME TO PREPARE MY PAPER EXPLAINING THE EXPERIMENT-- I WANT TO SPRING IT AS A SURPRISE ON THE DIRECTOR!

AFTER WORKING MANY TEDIOUS HOURS, THE PROFESSOR RELAXES A FEW MOMENTS IN HIS GARDEN--
MMM!

SURPRISINGLY, THE FLOWER WITHERS IN HIS HAND!

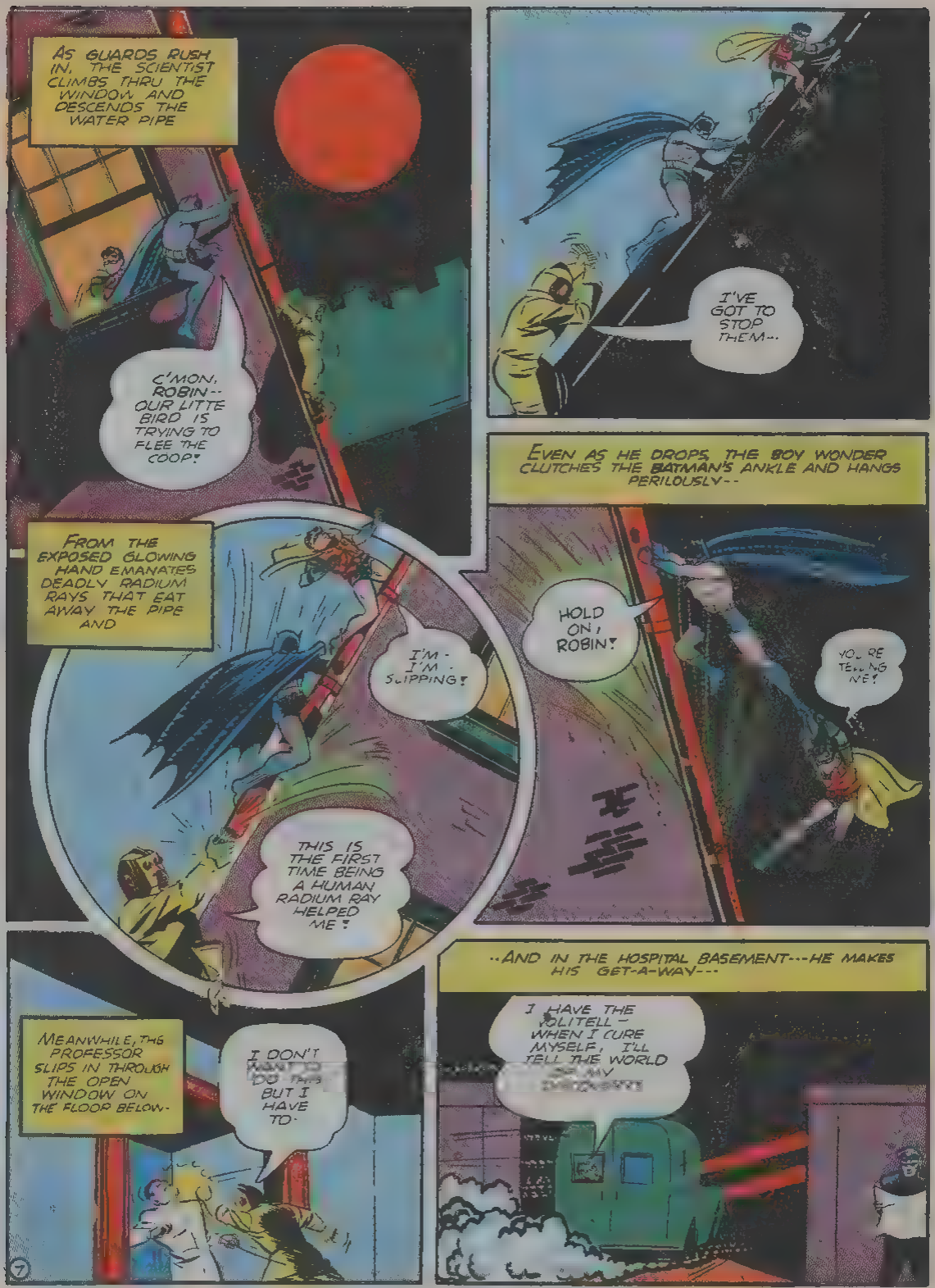
A FRIENDLY SPARROW LIGHTS ON THE PROFESSOR'S HAND TO EAT SOME CRUMBS--AND TOPPLES OVER--DEAD!
TAKE YOUR CRUMBS---WHY HE'S.... HE'S...


LATER THAT DAY--
ROSS--I EXAMINED THAT SLIDE AGAIN--AND THERE ARE DEFINITE TRACES OF RADIUM!
WHAT! QUICK! TAKE AN X-RAY OF MY BONE STRUCTURE IN MY LABORATORY!

ONCE IN A DARK LABORATORY, JOHNSTON SUDDENLY GASPS— THE PROFESSOR'S BODY GLOWS EERILY WITH A GREEN RADIANT LIGHT
LOOK AT YOUR BODY!
AGGH!
WHEN THE LIGHT IS FINALLY SWITCHED ON--
YOU SAW IT -- WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?
JOHNSTON, DO YOU SUPPOSE-- WHY---
OH!
HE'S DEAD - I TOUCHED HIM--- NOW I KNOW WHAT KILLED THE ROSE, THE SPARROW, AND NOW YOU! I HAVE MADE MYSELF A MONSTER! A HUMAN RADIUM RAY!
RC● CALLS THE POLICE; THE CORONER EXAMINES THE BODY--
NO WOUNDS! LOOKS LIKE HEART FAILURE!
YES--HE DROPPED DEAD WHILE WE WERE TALKING!
QUEER FELLOW! LEAVING, I WENT TO SHAKE HANDS. HE AVOIDED IT-
I MIGHT HAVE KILLED THAT CORONER HAD I TOUCHED HIM! I MUST FIND AN ANTIDOTE BEFORE I CAUSE SOMEONE'S DEATH!
HE WORKS FEVERISHLY NIGHT AND DAY, WHEN---
I'VE GOT IT! THE ANTIDOTE- MY BLOOD SHOWS LESS RADIUM ACTIVITIES AFTER EACH INJECTION! VOLITELL WILL MAKE ME WELL AGAIN-

BUT ALL DOESN'T GO WELL--HE FINDS THAT VOLITELL WEARS OFF AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS---
IT'S HORRIBLE--- I'VE CHANGED BACK TO RADIUM AGAIN!... I'VE NO MORE VOLITELL SERUM TO MAKE ME NORMAL-- I MUST GET VOLITELL-- BUT FIRST, I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE ELSE WILL DIE--
HE FASHIONS A SUIT WOVEN FROM A RUBBEROID-LEAD COMPOSITION-- A GARB THROUGH WHICH THE DEADLY RADIUM RAYS WILL NOT PASS-
IT LOOKS BIZARRE, BUT WILL PROTECT ANYBODY WHO MIGHT CONTACT MY RADIUM-CHARGED BODY--NOW I CAN GO AFTER THE VOLITELL!
VOLITELL IS AN EXPENSIVE DRUG, AND HE HAS USED HIS FUNDS ON HIS EXPERIMENTS-- THAT NIGHT, HE FURTIVELY ENTERS A HOSPITAL'S SUPPLY ROOM--
ONLY TWO OUNCES! I'LL NEED A MUCH GREATER QUANTITY!
AS THE DESPERATE SCIENTIST STEALS MORE AND MORE VOLITELL, NEWSPAPERS TELL AN AMAZING STORY---
DARING HOSPITAL ROBBERIES-VOLITELL DRUG STOLE
VOLITELL, VALUABLE DRUG SUPPLY, STOLEN BY A FANTASTIC FIGURE
I MUST HAVE MORE VOLITELL!
AND IN HIS HOME, BRUCE WAYNE SPEAKS TO HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON--
WONDER WHO IS BEHIND THIS VOLITELL BUSINESS?
ONLY A SCIENTIST WOULD HAVE ANY KNOWLEDGE OF VOLITELL! I HAVE A HUNCH THAT MAYBE OUR MYSTERY MAN WILL SHOW UP AT GOTHAM HOSPITAL TONIGHT-
NIGHT--TWO CAPED FIGURES SWING THROUGH EMPTY SPACE--
THIS IS ONE WAY TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL UNSEEN!
ONE WAY IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER!
THE PROFESSOR HAS REMAINED HIDDEN INSIDE THE HOSPITAL ALL DAY LONG-
I CAN SLIP PAST THOSE GUARDS EASILY ENOUGH AND GET INTO THE SUPPLY ROOM!

BUT AS THE PROFESSOR REACHES FOR THE VOLITELL---TWO MANTLED FURIES STORM INTO THE ROOM-
DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A LAW AGAINST STEALING?
UH...?
IN CASE YOU DON'T, WE'RE HERE TO IMPRESS IT UPON YOU.
SORRY, MISTER...BUT YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!
JAIL! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO JAIL! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!
UGH!
THE FEAR-MADDENED PROFESSOR HURLS RAZOR-EDGED SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS AT THE CHARGING ROBIN....
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE ME TO JAIL!
WOW! THIS FELLA IS TRYING TO GIVE ME A FREE OPERATION-
AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN CHARGE ANEW, THE PROFESSOR PUSHES AN INSTRUMENT CLOSET OVER THEM-
HOLY SMOKE! THIS BABY IS FULL OF TRICKS!
CRASH!


AS GUARDS RUSH IN, THE SCIENTIST CLIMBS THRU THE WINDOW AND DESCENDS THE WATER PIPE
C'MON, ROBIN-- OUR LITTE BIRD IS TRYING TO FLEE THE COOP!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM--
EVEN AS HE DROPS, THE BOY WONDER CLUTCHES THE BATMAN'S ANKLE AND HANGS PERILOUSLY--
HOLD ON, ROBIN!
YO, RE TELLING ME!
FROM THE EXPOSED GLOWING HAND EMANATES DEADLY RADIUM RAYS THAT EAT AWAY THE PIPE AND
I'M - I'M - SLIPPING!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME BEING A HUMAN RADIUM RAY HELPED ME!
MEANWHILE, THE PROFESSOR SLIPS IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW ON THE FLOOR BELOW.
I DON'T WANTTO DO THIS BUT I HAVE TO.
..AND IN THE HOSPITAL BASEMENT---HE MAKES HIS GET-A-WAY---
I HAVE THE FORMULA! WHEN I CURE MYSELF, I'LL TELL THE WORLD OF MY DISCOVERY!!
7

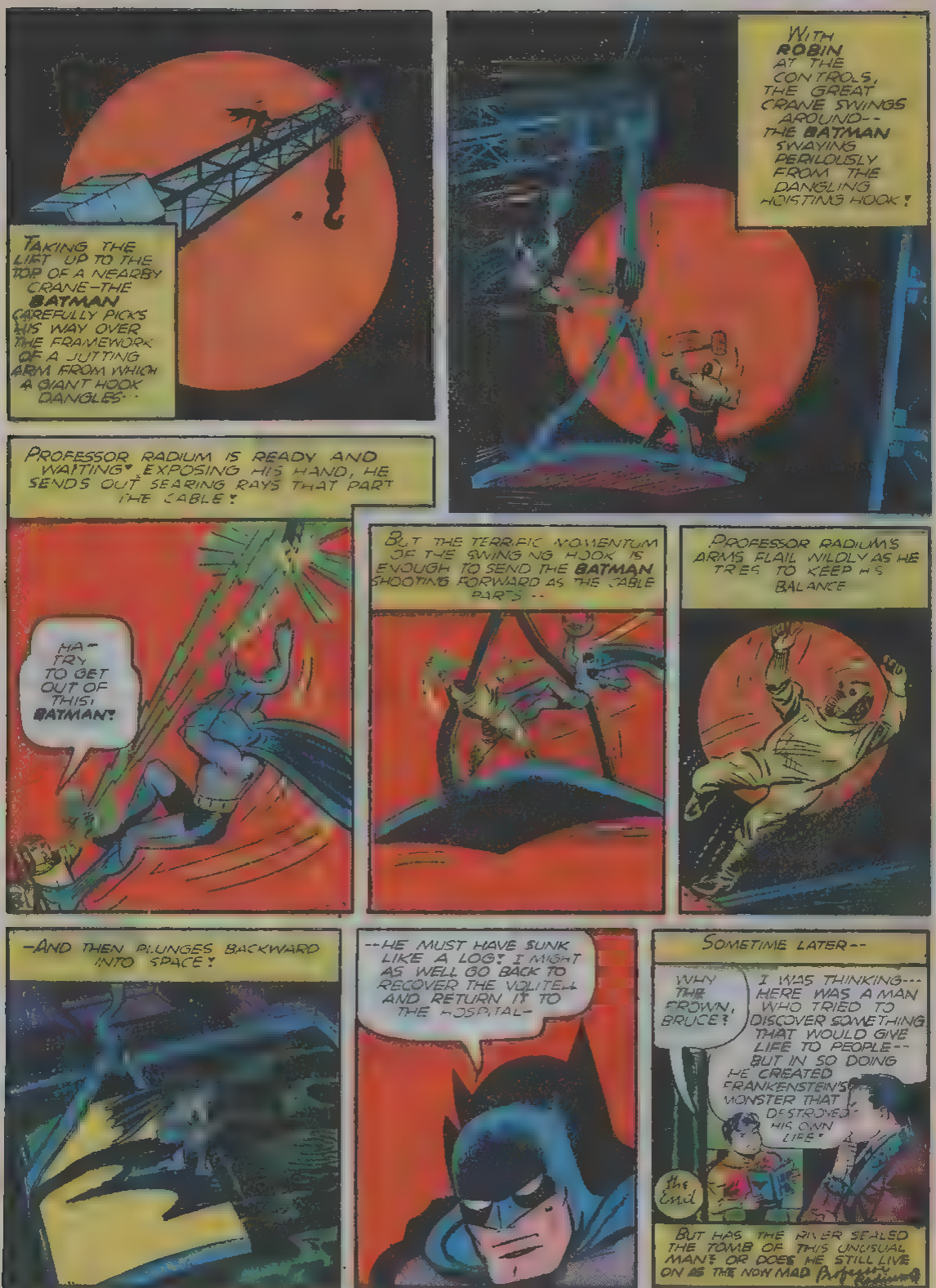
MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN SWINGS ROBIN SAFELY IN THRU AN OPEN WINDOW!
OKAY, ROBIN LET'S GO!
SWIFTLY THEY RACE THRU THE HOSPITAL--
HE SURE DISAPPEARED!
BUT HE FORGOT THE GLOVE HE DROPPED-
WHAT GOOD WILL THE GLOVE DO?
NOTHING, BUT IT MAY BE A CLUE TO OUR MURDERER! C'MON--
WHAT'S THE IDEA?
CRIMINALS THINK IF THEY WEAR GLOVES, THEY DON'T LEAVE FINGERPRINTS, BUT THEY DO--ON THE INSIDE OF THE GLOVE!
THE GLOVE IS TURNED INSIDE OUT AND--
NOW, DUST POWDERED OXYDE OF LEAD OVER THE TIPS--
THEN A GELATIN SHEET SUCH AS PHOTOGRAPHIC CITRATE PAPER, WHICH HAS BEEN EXPOSED AND DEVELOPED, SOAKED, CAUSING THE GELATIN TO SWELL - PRESSED OVER THE MARKS MADE VISIBLE BY THE LEAD OXYDE.
THE PAPER IS PEELED OFF, PHOTOGRAPHED QUICKLY AND BEHOLD-- FINGERPRINTS OF THE CRIMINAL!

THE NEXT MORNING!
THE INJECTION OF VOLITELL SERUM I TOOK HAS MADE ME NORMAL AGAIN! NOW TO SEE MARY AND TELL HER ABOUT MY GREAT DISCOVERY-
HENRY DARLING-- YOU LOOK EXCITED!
THE MOST WONDERFUL THING HAS HAPPENED, MARY!
BUT HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE GLOW ABOUT HIS BODY GROWING STRONGER,--AS HE LEANS FORWARD!-
MARY, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SURPRI--- MARY!...
OHHH!
THE GLOW IS BACK! THE INJECTION I TOOK WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH-- I KILLED HER!
I'VE KILLED HER-- I-
KILLED HER...! HELP! POLICE!
POLICE COMMISSIONER'S GORDON OFFICE- WHERE NOW THE POLICE AND BATMAN WORK HAND IN HAND---
THESE PRINTS MATCH THOSE OF A PROFESSOR ROSS- HE'S A CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEE SO THE STATE HAS HIS FINGERPRINTS ON FILE!
ROSS, EH? HE WAS INVOLVED IN THE DEATH OF HIS ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR-
RING!
WHAT? YOUR MISTRESS, MISS LAMONT, KILLED! WHO-- PROFESSOR ROSS!
OH--OH- GET READY, ROBIN!
YOU SAY, HIS BODY HAD A SORT OF A GLOW ABOUT IT?
A GLOW, EH? I SUGGEST YOU MAKE A FAST AUTOPSY, CORONER-
YES, SIR- IT WAS AS IF HE WAS ALL LIT UP INSIDE!
9

SOMETIME LATER—
YOU WERE RIGHT, BATMAN! THAT GIRL DIED OF INTERNAL RADIUM BURNS!
RADIUM BURNS!
YES··· AND I SUSPECT PROFESSOR JOHNSTON DIED THE SAME WAY— THIS ALL TIES UP WITH PROFESSOR ROSS'S RADIUM EXPERIMENTS! SOMETHING WENT WRONG— HE NEEDS VOLITELL FOR AN ANTIDOTE—
LATER THAT DAY AS PROFESSOR ROSS RETURNS TO HIS HOME—
POLICE! I SHOULD HAVE RETURNED HOME SOONER— GOOD THING THE VOLITELL IS HIDDEN—
THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW SEE THE GREATEST MANHUNT IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME—
WOODSIDE, N.Y.
PROF. HENRY (RADIUM) ROSS AT LARGE!
MEANWHILE, A DREADFUL CHANGE COMES OVER PROFESSOR ROSS— HE IS NOW KNOWN AS PROFESSOR RADIUM—
1
I NEED MORE VOLITELL!
2
I'M MAD! HA-HA! I'M CRAZY! THE CURSED RADIUM!
MY HAIR IS FALLING OUT! THE RADIUM IS BEGINNING TO WREAK ITS HAVOC ON MY BODY!
3
I WANT TO MURDER··· WAIT ··· WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?
4
THE RADIUM— IT'S EATING INTO MY BODY— INTO MY BRAIN— I'M GOING MAD—
5
NOT A SIGN OF PROFESSOR RADIUM AND THAT BLASTED VOLITELL— WHERE DID HE HIDE IT?
VOLITELL, HMM! THAT'S WHAT HE NEEDS— IF YOU DRAW YOUR MEN AWAY FROM HIS HOUSE, I THINK HE'LL COME BACK FOR THAT VOLITELL! ROBIN AND I WILL BE WAITING FOR HIM—
10
POLICE WITHDRAWN FROM ROSS HOME!
POLICE GIVE UP SEARCH FOR PROF. RADIUM
AND THAT VERY NIGHT··· TWO FIGURES WAIT IN THE SHADOWS—
DO YOU THINK HE'LL FALL FOR THIS STUNT?
WE'LL SEE! SHH— I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING!

SO STRONG IS THE RADIUM-CHARGED BODY OF THE PROFESSOR THAT HE LITERARY SEARS HIS WAY THROUGH THE DOOR!
GOOD! IT'S EMPTY!
HE RACES SWIFTLY TO HIS LABORATORY AND DONS HIS PROTECTIVE SUIT!
IF I DIDN'T PUT ON THIS SUIT, I MIGHT HAVE SET THE HOUSE ON FIRE! LUCKILY I'VE AN EXTRA GLOVE TO REPLACE THE ONE LOST! NOW-- THE VOLITELL!
HE WITHDRAWS A LARGE BOOK, AND ...
THE VOLITELL! THE POLICE NEVER THOUGHT OF LOOKING IN A BOOK FOR IT!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW--- LET'S TAKE HIM ROBIN!
CHECK!
SWIFTLY PEELING OFF A GLOVE, THE PROFESSOR EXPOSES A GLOWING HAND!
YOU FOOLS! DIE . . DIE . NOW!
DEATH-DEALING RADIUM RAYS BOMBARD THE BATMAN AND ROBIN.
BUT THE DUO REMAINS UNSCATHED...
YES---WE'RE STILL ALIVE! I MADE A TRANSPARENT RUBBEROID COMPOSITION, THAT I SPRAYED OVER OUR BODIES IMMUNIZING US FROM THE RADIUM-
THE MADMAN RECOVERS AND THROWS A DAZZLING BEAM AT THE CEILING CHANDELIER!
YOU HAVEN'T BEATEN ME YET! HA! HA!

THE CHANDELIER PLUNGES DOWN, PINNING THE BATMAN TO THE FLOOR!
UGH!
SO STARTLED IS ROBIN BY THE SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS THAT HE IS CAUGHT NAPPING!
AND THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF YOU!
THEY RECOVER QUICKLY AND CHASE AFTER THE ESCAPING MADMAN!
AFTER HIM, ROBIN!
HE'S HEADED FOR THE SHIPYARD!
PROFESSOR RADIUM SCRAMBLES UP A SIDE LADDER...
MINUTES LATER, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAP ABOARD THE SHIP--
I DON'T SEE HIM--DO YOU?
NO? WONDER WHERE THAT BIRD HAS HOLED HIMSELF?
LOOK OUT!
HA! HA! MISSED YOU, BUT I WON'T AGAIN!
C'MON ROBIN--BEFORE THAT MANIAC KILLS US-I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
WHAT... WHO?


TAKING THE LIFT UP TO THE TOP OF A NEARBY CRANE—THE BATMAN CAREFULLY PICKS HIS WAY OVER THE FRAMEWORK OF A JUTTING ARM FROM WHICH A GIANT HOOK DANGLES··
WITH ROBIN AT THE CONTROLS, THE GREAT CRANE SWINGS AROUND— THE BATMAN SWAYING PERILOUSLY FROM THE DANGLING HOISTING HOOK!
PROFESSOR RADIUM IS READY AND WAITING. EXPOSING HIS HAND, HE SENDS OUT SEARING RAYS THAT PART THE CABLE!
HA— TRY TO GET OUT OF THIS, BATMAN!
BUT THE TERRIFIC MOMENTUM OF THE SWINGING HOOK IS ENOUGH TO SEND THE BATMAN SHOOTING FORWARD AS THE CABLE PARTS ··
PROFESSOR RADIUM'S ARMS FLAIL WILDLY AS HE TRIES TO KEEP HIS BALANCE
—AND THEN PLUNGES BACKWARD INTO SPACE!
--HE MUST HAVE SUNK LIKE A LOG! I MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO RECOVER THE VOLITELL AND RETURN IT TO THE HOSPITAL—
SOMETIME LATER--
WHY THE FROWN, BRUCE?
I WAS THINKING--- HERE WAS A MAN WHO TRIED TO DISCOVER SOMETHING THAT WOULD GIVE LIFE TO PEOPLE-- BUT IN SO DOING HE CREATED FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER THAT DESTROYED HIS OWN LIFE!
The End
BUT HAS THE RIVER SEALED THE TOMB OF THIS UNUSUAL MAN? OR DOES HE STILL LIVE ON AS THE NOW MAD

OUT IN FRONT!

The STAR-SPANGLED KID And STRIPESY ARE MAKING COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY!

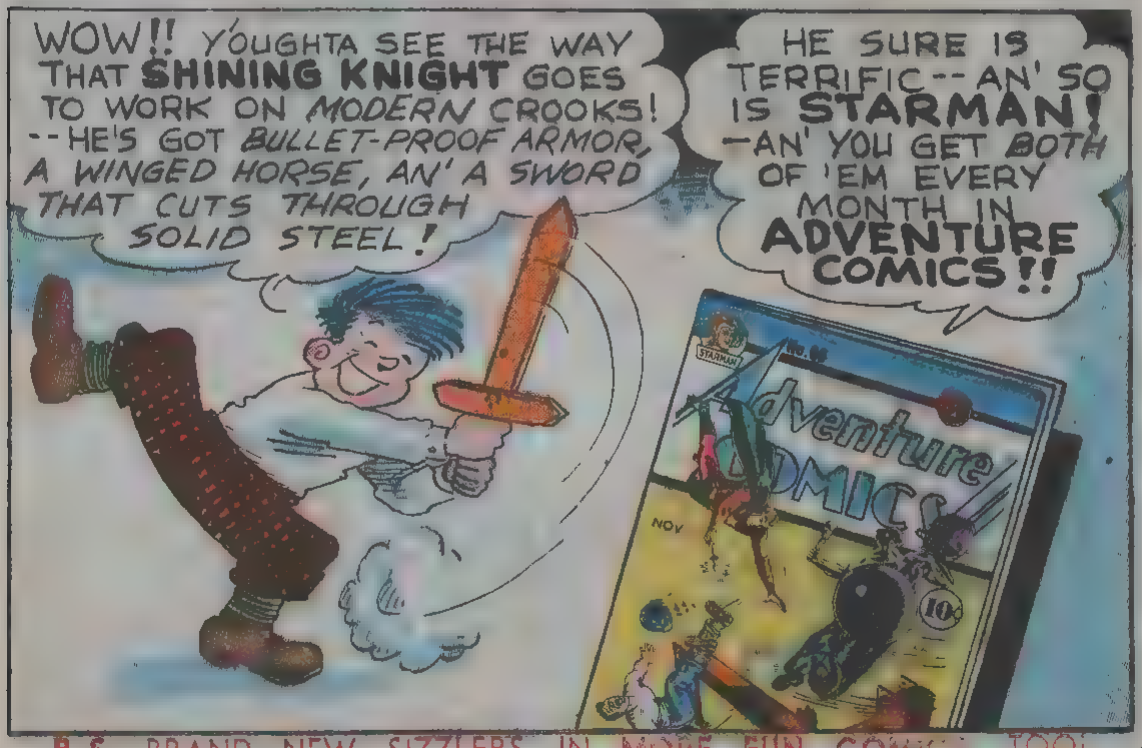
WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL —CREATOR OF **SUPERMAN!**

DRAWN By HAL SHERMAN —FAMOUS ACTION-ARTIST!

A **TOP** COMBINATION ON A **TOP** FEATURE!

64 BREATHTAKING, ACTION-PACKED PAGES

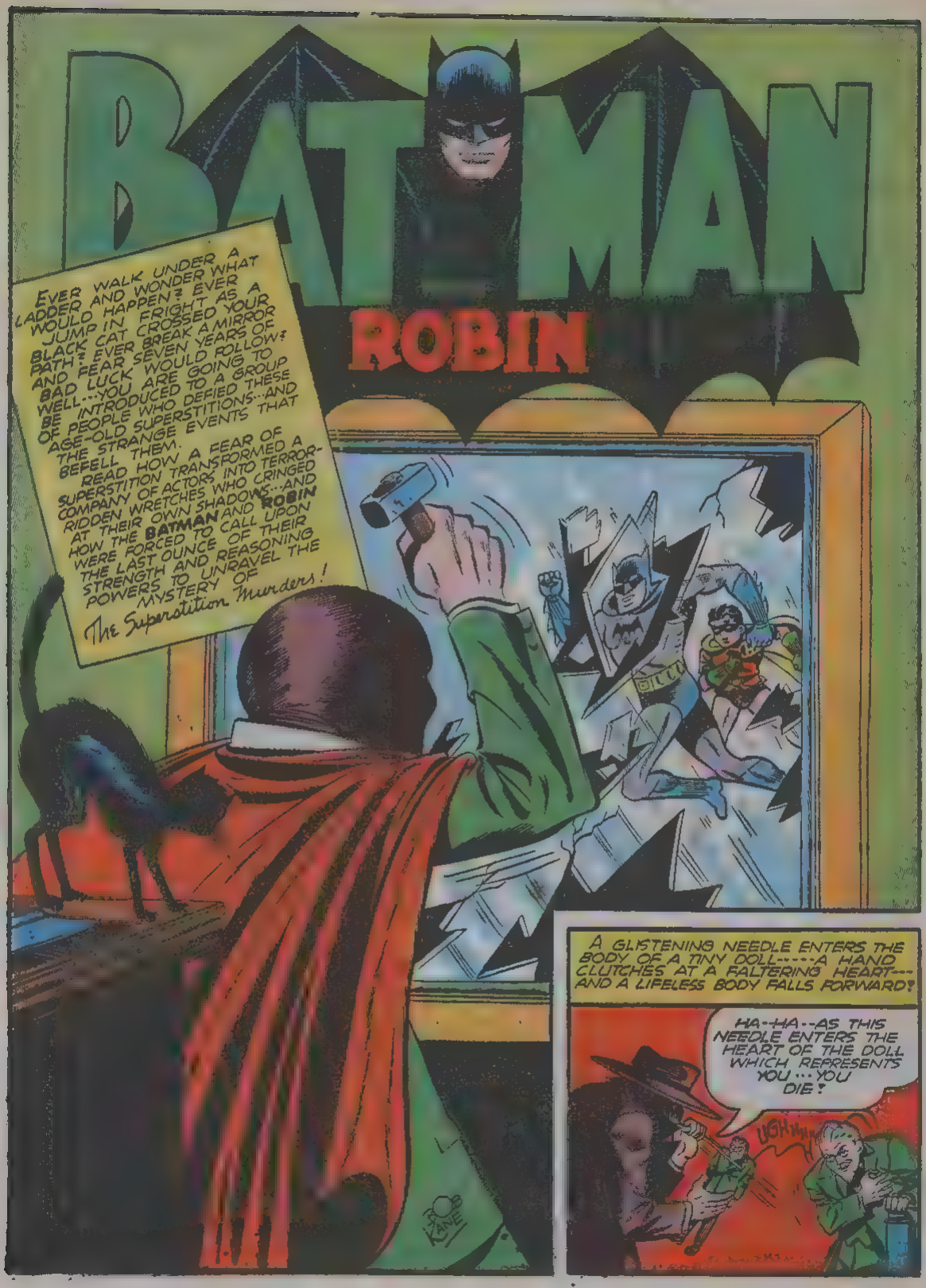
NOW ON SALE!


WOW!! Y'OUGHTA SEE THE WAY THAT SHINING KNIGHT GOES TO WORK ON MODERN CROOKS! --HE'S GOT BULLET-PROOF ARMOR, A WINGED HORSE, AN' A SWORD THAT CUTS THROUGH SOLID STEEL!
HE SURE IS TERRIFIC--AN' SO IS STARMAN! —AN' YOU GET BOTH OF 'EM EVERY MONTH IN ADVENTURE COMICS!!
STARMAN
Adventure COMICS
NOV
10¢

P. S. BRAND-NEW SIZZLERS IN MORE FUN COMICS, TOO!

CHIEF HOT FOOT
HENRY BOLTNOFF
TO NIGHT'S B'G DRAWING LOTTUM DOUGH AT STAKE!
UGH!
BINGO TO NIGHT
HERE'S THE FINAL NUMBER FOR BIG PRIZE --NUMBER EIGHT!
YOW!
I GOT IT!
OH BOY! LOOK AT ALL THIS MONEY!
BING TO NI
ZIP
NOW ME FIND HEAP SMART WAY TO SPEND THIS WAMPUM!
HOT FOOT WON AT BINGO!
CHIEF HOT FOO WON!
NEXT DAY
LOOK, MA - SINCE CHIEF HOT FOOT WON SOME MONEY, EVERYBODY IS TRYING TO SELL HIM SOMETHING!
CHIEF HOT FOO

GO AWAY - ALL OF YOU !
IDEA
PUBLIC STENO "BEAT 'EM" RED
TAKE-UM LETTER, FAST !
ACME BUILDING COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. DEAR SIRS ---
--- AND SGN IT, SINCERELY, ETC
BOOM
BOOM
NOW ME WAIT FOR TOMORROW WHEN EVERYTHING COMES!
UGH!
LOOK, RED WING -- WHAT DO YOU THINK CHIEF HOT FOOT IS DOING ?
SEE - ME NOW HAVE FOUR ROOM HOUSE !
CHIEF HOT FOOT


BATMAN
ROBIN
EVER WALK UNDER A LADDER AND WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN? EVER JUMP IN FRIGHT AS A BLACK CAT CROSSED YOUR PATH? EVER BREAK A MIRROR AND FEAR SEVEN YEARS OF BAD LUCK WOULD FOLLOW? WELL...YOU ARE GOING TO BE INTRODUCED TO A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO DEFIED THESE AGE-OLD SUPERSTITIONS...AND THE STRANGE EVENTS THAT BEFELL THEM.
READ HOW A FEAR OF SUPERSTITION TRANSFORMED A COMPANY OF ACTORS INTO TERROR-RIDDEN WRETCHES WHO CRINGED AT THEIR OWN SHADOWS...AND HOW THE BATMAN AND ROBIN WERE FORCED TO CALL UPON THE LAST OUNCE OF THEIR STRENGTH AND REASONING POWERS TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY OF
The Superstition Murders!
BOB KANE
A GLISTENING NEEDLE ENTERS THE BODY OF A TINY DOLL.....A HAND CLUTCHES AT A FALTERING HEART---AND A LIFELESS BODY FALLS FORWARD!
HA-HA--AS THIS NEEDLE ENTERS THE HEART OF THE DOLL WHICH REPRESENTS YOU...YOU DIE!
UGH-hhh

THE VILLAIN EXITS LAUGHING -- AND THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THE LAST ACT OF A SUMMER THEATRE TRYOUT!
HA! HA! HA!..
I'M GLAD! THIS IS THE FIRST PLAY I'VE EVER WRITTEN AND I WANT IT TO BE A GOOD ONE!
THAT WAS THE BEST REHEARSAL I EVER SAW-- WE'VE GOT A GOOD SHOW!
THE REHEARSAL OVER--THE ACTORS COME FROM THE WINGS--
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! SINCE THIS IS A PLAY DEALING WITH SUPERSTITION--LETS HAVE A "SUPERSTITION PARTY" TONIGHT---- WE'LL BREAK MIRRORS, WALK UNDER LADDERS AND SO ON---
WHY ---THAT'S WONDERFUL! I'LL CALL UP SCOOP MAGAZINE TO SEND A PHOTOGRAPHER DOWN --
YES--WE'RE HAVING A SUPERSTITION-BREAKING PARTY TONIGHT--- YOU MIGHT GET SOME INTERESTING PICTURES!
THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY, BRUCE WAYNE IS ONE OF THE INVITED GUESTS---
HELLO, BANKS--- LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE ANOTHER HIT!
NOT A HIT, BRUCE-- BUT A FAIR PLAY-- IT'LL GET BY!
ER--ER--BRUCE-- MEET FRED BROOKS, HE'S FINANCING THIS SHOW AND ACTING THE MURDERER IN THE LEADING ROLE!
HOW DO YOU DO! THIS IS MY LEADING LADY, MISS FRANCINE-
I'M OVERWHELMED BY A COMBINATION OF BEAUTY AND TALENT!
A GLEAM OF HATRED FLASHES IN THE PRODUCER'S EYES AS THE INGENUE CLUTCHES HER ESCORT'S ARM TIGHTLY—
SAY, DON'T I COME IN FOR MY SHARE OF INTRODUCTIONS!
BRUCE, THIS IS JOHNNY GLIM, THE AUTHOR OF THIS MASTERPIECE! HA! HA!
AH--THE GENIUS IN PERSON!
WELL, FOLKS, NOW THAT EVERYONE'S HERE INCLUDING THE PHOTOGRAPHER-- LET'S START SMASHING SUPERSTITIONS!
AS THE LEADING ACTOR--- AHEM-- I WILL BEGIN THE PROCEEDINGS!
WALKING UNDER A LADDER IS THE FIRST SUPERSTITION THAT IS VIOLATED!
BAD BUSINESS.. GOING UNDER LADDERS--
HA! HA! YOU HAVE UNSUSPECTED TALENT, FRED!

THREE CIGARETTES ARE LIT ON ONE MATCH!
HOLD IT, FOLKS! GOT IT!
THIS IS FUN! THREE ON A MATCH!
MARK MY WORDS, THIS WON'T BE THE END. WHEN FOLKS START BREAKING SUPERSTITIONS-- THINGS ARE BOUND TO HAPPEN! WAIT AND SEE!!
THE PHOTOGRAPHER JOINS THE PARTY--
EXCUSE IT--BUT I'M GETTIN' INTO THE SPIRIT OF THINGS!
SURE-- THAT MAKES YOU ONE OF US!
YELLOW EYES SHINING--AND FUR ERECT--A BLACK CAT STALKS IN--
LOOK! WE HAVE COMPAY-- COME, KITTY-- KITTY... CROSS MY PATH!
SOME-HOW I DON'T LIKE THIS-- IT'S AS IF THEY WERE INVITING TROUBLE
ANOTHER SUPERSTITION IS BROKEN--AN UMBRELLA IS OPENED INDOORS!
THIS IS ONE ON ME! MAYBE IT'S GONNA RAIN-- HA! HA!
ISN'T THIS FUN?
FRANKLY--- NO! I DON'T LIKE IT!
LATER. AS THE PARTY GROWS WILDER, A TERRIFIED SHRIEK.... FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF A FALLING BODY CUTS THROUGH THE MERRY-MAKER'S' DIN!
WHAT WAS THAT?
AAAAAGH!
THAT SCREAM-- IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE!
OUTSIDE-- A MUTE BODY BEARS ITS OWN TESTIMONY!
ITS- ITS FRED! OHHHH!
THE LADDER KILLED HIM- AND HE WAS THE ONE WHO LAUGHED AS HE WALKED UNDER ONE A LITTLE WHILE AGO!
SO YE THOUGHT YE KNEW EVERYTHIN'? LEMME TELL YE THAT THERE ARE THINGS WHICH CAIN'T BE TAMPERED WITH-- AN' SUPERSTITION IS ONE OF 'EM!

SOMEONE CALLS THE LOCAL POLICE...
I'D SAY THE LADDER FELL ON HIM! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THAT GLASS NEAR THE BODY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER---
ACCIDENT--HUH? THEM POLICE NEVER DID HEV BRAINS! IT'S MURDER--
HE MAY BE RIGHT--I'LL KNOW AFTER I EXAMINE THAT GLASS! I'LL KICK IT TO THE SIDE AS IF BY ACCIDENT!
IN HIS LABORATORY, THE PHOTOGRAPHER DEVELOPS THE PARTY'S PICTURES--WHEN--
WELL--THAT OLD COOT WAS RIGHT! THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT--IT WAS MURDER!
LATER---
I GOT YOUR PHONE CALL--WHAT DO YOU WANT!
NOTHING! EXCEPT--EXAMINE THIS PICTURE!
IT SHOWS YOU PUTTING POISON, FROM THE TRICK RING ON YOUR HAND, INTO BROOK'S GLASS! ER--WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY THE PICTURE--FOR A PRICE?
I SEE--
BLACKMAIL!
MEANWHILE—
TWO THINGS HAVE TO BE CLEARED UP--ONE IS FRED'S DRINKING GLASS---AND THE OTHER IS THAT LADDER!
LATER--AFTER RETURNING FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER--
YOU OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS!
THE BATMAN GLIDES SILENTLY OVER THE HARD-PACKED GROUND!
HERE'S HOPING NOBODY'S MOVED ANYTHING!
OUTSIDE THE THEATRE-BARN, HE RINDS---
AH! HERE IT IS! JUST AS I SUSPECTED--AN ODOR LIKE THAT OF BURNT ALMONDS! THIS MAN WAS MURDERED--POISONED BY PRUSSIC ACID!
4

WITHOUT WARNING, AN OMINOUS FORM HURTLES TOWARDS THE UNSUSPECTING BATMAN!
NOW TO ---- UGH!
A SHARP EXCHANGE OF BLOWS FOLLOWS- BUT THE KNEELING BATMAN IS AT A DISADVANTAGE
A GLOVED HAND SNATCHES UP THE ALL-IMPORTANT GLASS--AND THEN THE UNKNOWN ASSAILANT FLEES INTO THE DARKNESS!
HE TOOK THE GLASS! GOT TO CATCH HIM!
THE CHARGING BATMAN SPIES ANOTHER MOVING FIGURE
THERE HE GOES! AND HERE COMES MORE COMPANY!
A TREMENDOUS LEAP, AND THE BATMAN'S STEEL-LIKE HANDS REACH FOR HIS NEW QUARRY!
BATMAN WHIPS OFF HIS FOE'S HAT AND UNDER THE MOON'S LIGHT IS REVEALED..
NOW, MR. MURDERER, LET'S SEE WHO- SAY--WHO ARE YOU?
HOW DARE YOU? YOU CLOAKED BANDIT!
THE NOISE OF THE SCUFFLE AWAKENS THE MEMBERS OF THE STOCK COMPANY--
HOW THRILLING! IT'S THE FAMOUS BATMAN- WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS! CAN ANYBODY IDENTIFY THIS MAN?
OF COURSE! HE'S PAUL METT, WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE PLAYED THE LEAD IN MY PLAY, BUT- FRANKLY, HE DRANK HIMSELF OUT OF THE PART- WE HAD TO LET HIM GO!

BATMAN EXPLAINS ABOUT THE PRUSSIC ACID

IN OTHER WORDS, WHOEVER HAS THE GLASS ON HIM, IS-- THE MURDERER!

THAT'S RIGHT-- AND I'M STARTING MY SEARCH WITH METT, HERE!

SURE-PICK ON ME- BECAUSE I LOST THE PART! YOU THINK I KILLED BROOKS!

AS THE PANICKY ACTOR SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, A FIGURE LEAPS FORWARD!

I'VE WARNED YOU-- NOW--

WHEW!

WHILE BATMAN SEARCHES METT, ONE OF THE TROUPE PHONES THE POLICE--

THANKS- YOU SAVED MY LIFE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT THIS CHAP IS CONCEALING- WHAT'S THIS? DRAMATIC WRITE-UPS OF PAUL REDMOND! BUT NO GLASS!

DRAMATIC CLIPPINGS! MORE PRECIOUS TO AN ACTOR THAN HIS FOOD- TOO BAD... BUT THE PATH TO OBLIVION IS GREASED!

UPON ARRIVING, THE POLICE GREET BATMAN-

BY GINGER, IT'S THE BATMAN!

FRED BROOKS WAS MURDERED, AND I'M CHECKING ON THIS MAN FOR A CLUE!

SORRY, MISTER BATMAN, BUT ONLY TEN MINUTES AGO WE LET HIM OUT OF THE HOOSEGOW WHERE HE WAS CONFINED FER DRUNKENNESS!

THE OTHERS ARE SEARCHED - BUT NO GLASS!

...NKS, YOU AND BROOKS WERE IN PARTNERSHIP ON ALL YOUR SHOWS- IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU ARE THE ONE TO PROFIT MOST BY HIS ER- DEATH!

IF I HAD ANY INTENTIONS OF COMMITTING MURDER- I WOULD DOIT MORE CLEVERLY!

A CRACKING VOICE RIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT-AIR----

MARK MY WORDS-- THERE'LL BE MORE MURDERS! ONLY IGNORANT PEOPLE ABUSE SUPERSTITION!

HE MEANS US!

LATER---

--YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST TO PREVENT MORE MURDERS!

THAT GLASS WAS MY ONLY CLUE AND IT'S GONE- I WONDER IF THE PHOTOGRAPHER WOULD--SAY- I'VE GOT IT! TOMORROW NIGHT, I WANT YOU TO SEE THE PHOTOGRAPHER LOOK AT THE PICTURES HE SNAPPED- ONE OF THEM MAY CONTAIN A CLUE!

SNAP!

NEXT NIGHT-- THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CABIN!

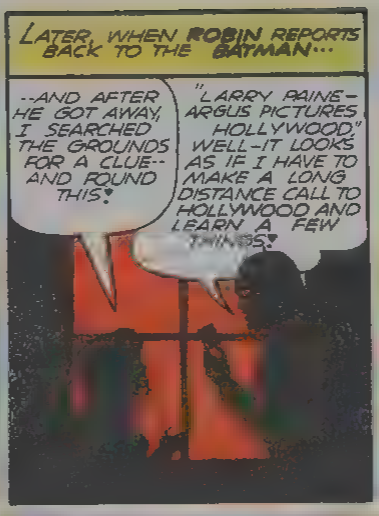
WHAT'S THAT?

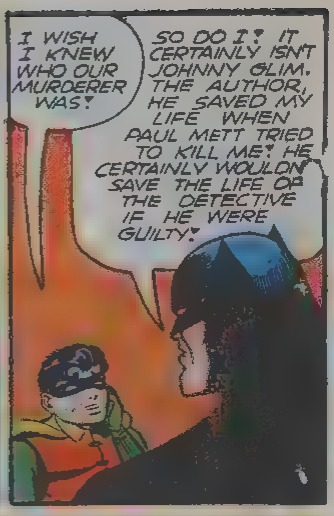
I PAID FOR THE PICTURE, BUT YOU KEPT THE NEGATIVE!

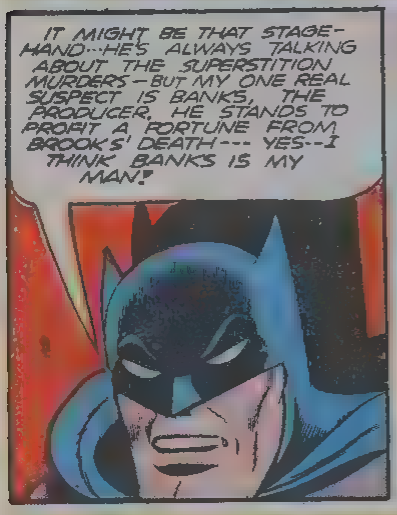
A HEAVY CRASH--FOLLOWED BY THE THUD OF A FALLING BODY---SENDS ROBIN FAIRLY FLYING TOWARDS THE CABIN!
WELL-- I'M NOT PAYING ANY MORE BLACKMAIL!
SOUNDS LIKE A RIOT!
CRASH
KILLED BY A MIRROR! AND THE BATMAN SAID THAT THIS FELLOW WAS THE ONE WHO BROKE THE MIRROR AT THE PARTY!
AS ROBIN BENDS OVER THE LIFELESS PHOTOGRAPHER, A FRAGMENT OF GLASS TELLS A TERRIFYING STORY--
WONDER IF--- WHAT?
ROBIN WHIPS ABOUT---
BIG STRONG MAN WOULDN'T KILL A LITTLE BOY-- --OR WOULD HE?
WHY, YOU---
GASPING AN OATH--THE MASKED MAN JUST BEATS ROBIN TO THE DOOR--
DROPPED MY KNIFE-- GOT TO GET AWAY!
WAIT FOR BABY --UGH!
SLAM
ROBIN BOUNDS AFTER THE MASKED MAN, WHO IS MAKING FOR THE THEATRE-BARN!
SUDDENLY, A PITCH-FORK WHIZZES PAST ROBIN'S EAR AND SINKS ITS STEEL PRONGS DEEP INTO THE BARN DOOR
WOW!

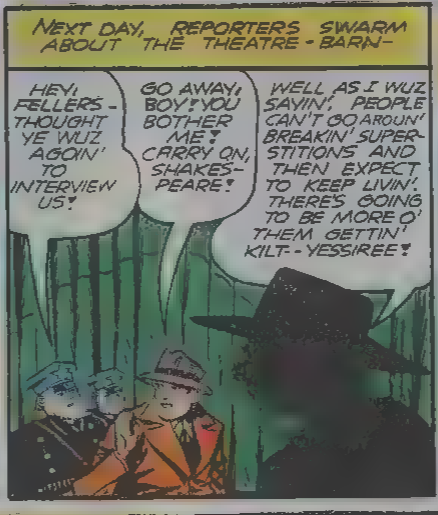
THE MASKED MAN LETS FLY WITH ANOTHER OF THE DEADLY STEEL-PRONGED PITCHFORKS!
THIS'LL PUT SO MANY HOLES IN YOU, YOU'LL BE AIR CONDITIONED!
SWINGING PULLEY CARRIES A PACKAGE OF HUMAN DYNAMITE, WHICH EXPLODES!
BULL'S-EYE!
UGH!
BUT ROBIN'S ADVERSARY SOON GETS THE UPPER HAND!
I'LL TEAR YOU APART-
THE MASKED MAN SUDDENLY MOVES BACK AND AIMS A VICIOUS KICK.. BUT ROBIN IS QUICKER!
NOW TO - UGH!
PARDON MY FEET!
LOSING HIS BALANCE THE MASKED MAN TOPPLES INTO THE CORN CHUTE-- ROBIN DIVING AFTER IN PURSUIT!
THE MASKED MAN HITS BOTTOM, BUT ROBIN'S SPEED CARRIES HIM FORWARD AND ONWARD---
GOLLY-- I COULD USE SOME BRAKES!
...RIGHT INTO A PILE OF CORN COBS!
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

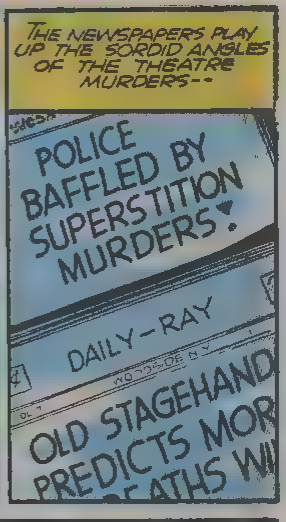
LOOKS LIKE MY MASKED PAL GOT AWAY! AND SO HELP ME, IF ANYBODY EVER MENTIONS CORN TO ME-- I'LL--I'LL--

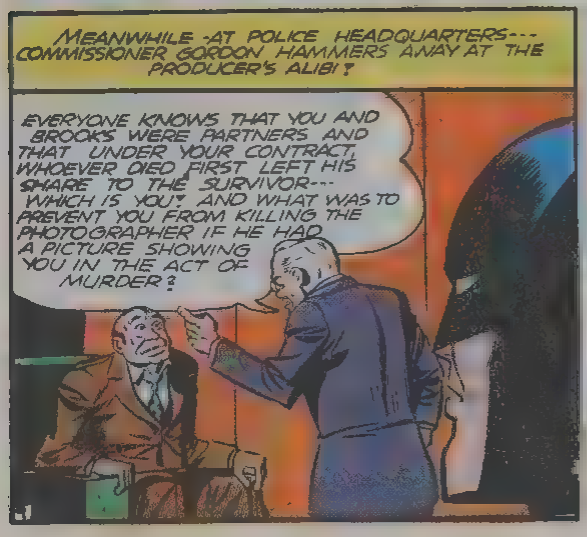

LATER, WHEN ROBIN REPORTS BACK TO THE BATMAN...
--AND AFTER HE GOT AWAY, I SEARCHED THE GROUNDS FOR A CLUE-- AND FOUND THIS!
"LARRY PAINE- ARGUS PICTURES HOLLYWOOD." WELL-IT LOOKS AS IF I HAVE TO MAKE A LONG DISTANCE CALL TO HOLLYWOOD AND LEARN A FEW THINGS!

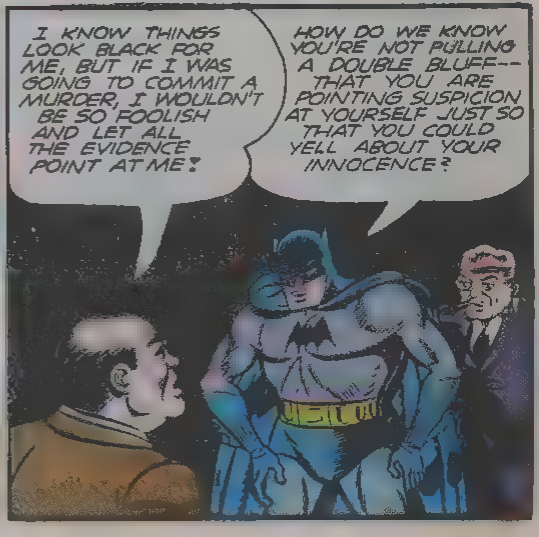

I WISH I KNEW WHO OUR MURDERER WAS!
SO DO I! IT CERTAINLY ISN'T JOHNNY GLIM. THE AUTHOR, HE SAVED MY LIFE WHEN PAUL METT TRIED TO KILL ME! HE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T SAVE THE LIFE OF THE DETECTIVE IF HE WERE GUILTY!


IT MIGHT BE THAT STAGE-HAND...HE'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE SUPERSTITION MURDERS--BUT MY ONE REAL SUSPECT IS BANKS, THE PRODUCER. HE STANDS TO PROFIT A FORTUNE FROM BROOKS' DEATH--- YES--I THINK BANKS IS MY MAN!


NEXT DAY, REPORTERS SWARM ABOUT THE THEATRE-BARN-
HEY, FELLERS- THOUGHT YE WUZ AGOIN' TO INTERVIEW US!
GO AWAY, BOY! YOU BOTHER ME! CARRY ON, SHAKES-PEARE!
WELL AS I WUZ SAYIN', PEOPLE CAN'T GO AROUN' BREAKIN' SUPER-STITIONS AND THEN EXPECT TO KEEP LIVIN'. THERE'S GOING TO BE MORE O' THEM GETTIN' KILT- YESSIREE!


THE NEWSPAPERS PLAY UP THE SORDID ANGLES OF THE THEATRE MURDERS--
POLICE BAFFLED BY SUPERSTITION MURDERS!
DAILY-RAY
OLD STAGEHAND PREDICTS MOR


MEANWHILE -AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--- COMMISSIONER GORDON HAMMERS AWAY AT THE PRODUCER'S ALIBI!
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT YOU AND BROOKS WERE PARTNERS AND THAT UNDER YOUR CONTRACT, WHOEVER DIED FIRST LEFT HIS SHARE TO THE SURVIVOR--- WHICH IS YOU! AND WHAT WAS TO PREVENT YOU FROM KILLING THE PHOTOGRAPHER IF HE HAD A PICTURE SHOWING YOU IN THE ACT OF MURDER?


I KNOW THINGS LOOK BLACK FOR ME, BUT IF I WAS GOING TO COMMIT A MURDER, I WOULDN'T BE SO FOOLISH AND LET ALL THE EVIDENCE POINT AT ME!
HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT PULLING A DOUBLE BLUFF-- THAT YOU ARE POINTING SUSPICION AT YOURSELF JUST SO THAT YOU COULD YELL ABOUT YOUR INNOCENCE?

AT THE BARN-THEATRE, SCENERY IS BEING TAKEN TO WAITING TRUCKS---FOR TONIGHT--THE PLAY OPENS IN THE CITY!
WELL, CHILLUN, TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT--I'LL BE IN THE FRONT ROW, CHEERING!
DO YOU THINK THE ER--UNFORTUNATE PUBLICITY WILL AFFECT THE SALE OF TICKETS!
THIS PLAY SHOULD NEVER OPEN--IT'S CURSED!
THAT NIGHT, OUTSIDE THE TROJAN THEATRE!
ERS
SUPERSTITION MURDERS
DON'T--DON'T EVEN SAY THAT!
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, MY FRIEND. THE PUBLIC ALWAYS WILL BE ATTRACTED TO SOMETHING WITH MORBID OVER-TONES--THEY'RE PROBABLY HOPING FOR ANOTHER MURDER!
HELLO, BANKS--THOUGHT THE POLICE WE'RE HOLDING YOU.
THEY COULDN'T HOLD ME--I GOT OUT ON A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS--HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT CROWD!
AS THE CURTAIN RISES, AN ODD SCENE TAKES PLACE IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS
MEEOWRRR--
QUIET--SOON YOU WILL BE PLAYING A STARRING ROLE!
POISON XXX
IN THE WINGS--AS THE INGENUE AWAITS HER CUE---
I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN YOUR SHOES--HAVING TO CARRY A BLACK CAT ON THE STAGE!
DON'T BE SILLY! THEY ARE MY FAVORITES.
AT THAT MOMENT, A DART STREAKS FROM A BLOW-TUBE--
---AND IMBEDS ITS NEEDLE-POINT INTO THE BLACK CAT'S HIDE--
I LOVE CATS--AAA!!!!!---
GOOD HEAVENS!
THE BODY TOPPLES TO THE STAGE IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE---
SHE'S--SHE'S DEAD
ONCE AGAIN, A VIOLATED SUPERSTITION WREAKS VENGEANCE UPON THE PERSON WHO DARED TO BREAK IT!

A FRENZIED PHONE CALL BRINGS THE POLICE AND CORONER BUSTLING TO THE SCENE!
THIS GIRL WAS POISONED!
YEAH! THERE'S ENOUGH POISON TO KILL A REGIMENT ON THIS CAT'S CLAWS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU GOT THE GATE FOR HITTING THE BOTTLE?
THEY NEEDED SOMEONE FOR THE PART AND I WAS GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE!
THAT'S IT! YOU KILLED THE FIRST GUY TO GET HIS PART IN THE PLAY!
VERY CLEVER! AND TELL ME- DID I KILL THE INGENUE TO GET HER PART?
HIS FACE CONFUSED —THE COMMISSIONER TURNS ON THE PRODUCER—
AND YOU, BANKS! I'VE BEEN TOLD YOU HATED BROOKS BECAUSE HE TOOK YOUR GIRL AWAY FROM YOU!
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU-- IN PRIVATE!
I FOUND A CLUE BACKSTAGE, AND I'M COMING BACK LATER, AFTER EVERYONE'S GONE- AND I KNOW I'LL FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT THE MURDERER!
LATER THAT NIGHT, BRUCE FINDS HIS WAY BACKSTAGE OF THE DESERTED THEATRE!
I HOPE MY PLANS WORK--- IF I'M TO CATCH THE GUILTY FIEND!
BUT HIGH ABOVE BRUCE'S FIGURE---- A KNIFE SLITS THE ROPE ATTACHED TO A METAL WEIGHT!
AS THE WEIGHT HURTLES TOWARD BRUCE WAYNE-- ROBIN FLASHES FORWARD!
LOOK OUT!

ROBIN SNATCHES BRUCE WAYNE FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH!
SORRY TO BE SO ROUGH, BUT---
BUT YOU SAVED MY LIFE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
SORRY, BUT I HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
UNFINISHED, EH? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOIN' TO BE FINISHED!
AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER, ROBIN DUCKS A MURDEROUS BLOW!
TAKE THIS-- PHFTT--
SUPPOSE YOU TAKE THIS!
AND HERE ARE SOME KNUCKLES I DON'T NEED AT THE MOMENT!
AS ROBIN CHARGES AGAIN, THE MASKED MAN FLINGS HIMSELF AT A DANGLING ROPE!
ALMOST BEFORE THE MASKED MAN'S FEET TOUCH THE FLOOR--DRUMMING FEET ANNOUNCE THE ARIVAL OF-- THE BATMAN!
THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL!
NO, NOT YET!
--THE CHASE ENDS IN THE CELLAR--
NOW YOU'RE CORNERED LIKE A RAT!

HA! NOW FOR THE FINAL TOUCH---
BUT THE FLEEING FIEND SUDDENLY WHIRLS ABOUT AND MEETS THE ONRUSHING BATMAN!
SEIZING A RED-HOT POKER, HE LUNGES AT THE SWAYING BATMAN!
THIS POKER WILL GO THROUGH YOU LIKE IT WOULD BUTTER!
THE BATMAN'S FOOT SENDS A SHOVEL HANDLE AGAINST THE MASKED MAN'S SHIN!
THIS SHOULD KEEP ME INTACT A LITTLE LONGER!
Q.V!
NOW···TO UNMASK YOU!
YOU--THE AUTHOR! I THOUGHT SO! I TOLD BRUCE WAYNE HOW TO TRAP YOU···YOU MAY AS WELL ADMIT YOUR MOTIVE--THAT YOU WERE AFTER THE MOVIE RIGHTS TO YOUR PLAY!
YES -I WAS DEPENDING ON THE CLAUSE IN MY CONTRACT, WHICH RULES IF THE PLAY DIDN'T LAST TWO WEEKS, ALL RIGHTS REVERTED TO ME, THE AUTHOR
I SPOTTED YOU WHEN I LEARNED THAT HOLLYWOOD OFFERED YOU AN ENORMOUS SUM FOR YOUR PLAY-
BLAST YOU! I ALMOST WON, BUT FOR YOU! I SOLD BANKS MY PLAY FOR A SONG--LATER, A PRODUCER OFFERED ME A FORTUNE FOR THE MOVIE RIGHTS I HAD TO GET THOSE RIGHTS BACK--AND I THOUGHT I WOULD, BY MAKING IT SEEM AS IF FATE WERE EXECUTING ALL THOSE WHO HAD BROKEN SUPERSTITIONS I HAD TO MAKE THE PLAY CLOSE TO GET BACK MY RIGHTS!
THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOU KILLED THE OTHERS WITH THE PLAY'S PRINCIPALS OUT OF THE WAY- THE SHOW WOULD HAVE CLOSED! CLEVER.. BUT WHY DID YOU SAVE ME FROM THAT DRUNK WHO PULLED A GUN ON ME?
I DID IT TO PUT MYSELF IN A GOOD LIGHT- I KNEW THAT I STILL HAD TO KILL THE PHOTOGRAPHER BECAUSE HE HAD DAMAGING EVIDENCE AND I KNEW NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT ME IF I HAD JUST SAVED THE LIFE OF THE NATION'S LEADING CRIME FIGHTER!
BOB KANE
POLICE, SUMMONED BY ROBIN, COME IN AS THE AUTHOR ENDS HIS CONFESSION!
--AND I KNEW THAT ALL SUSPICION WOULD FALL UPON THE PRODUCER, BECAUSE HE STOOD TO GAIN THE MOST FROM THE DEATH OF HIS PARTNER-
COMMISSIONER, THE CURTAIN IS FALLING ON THE LAST ACT OF THE SUPERSTITION MURDERS!

The 'BIG SIX' now becomes the 'BIG SEVEN'

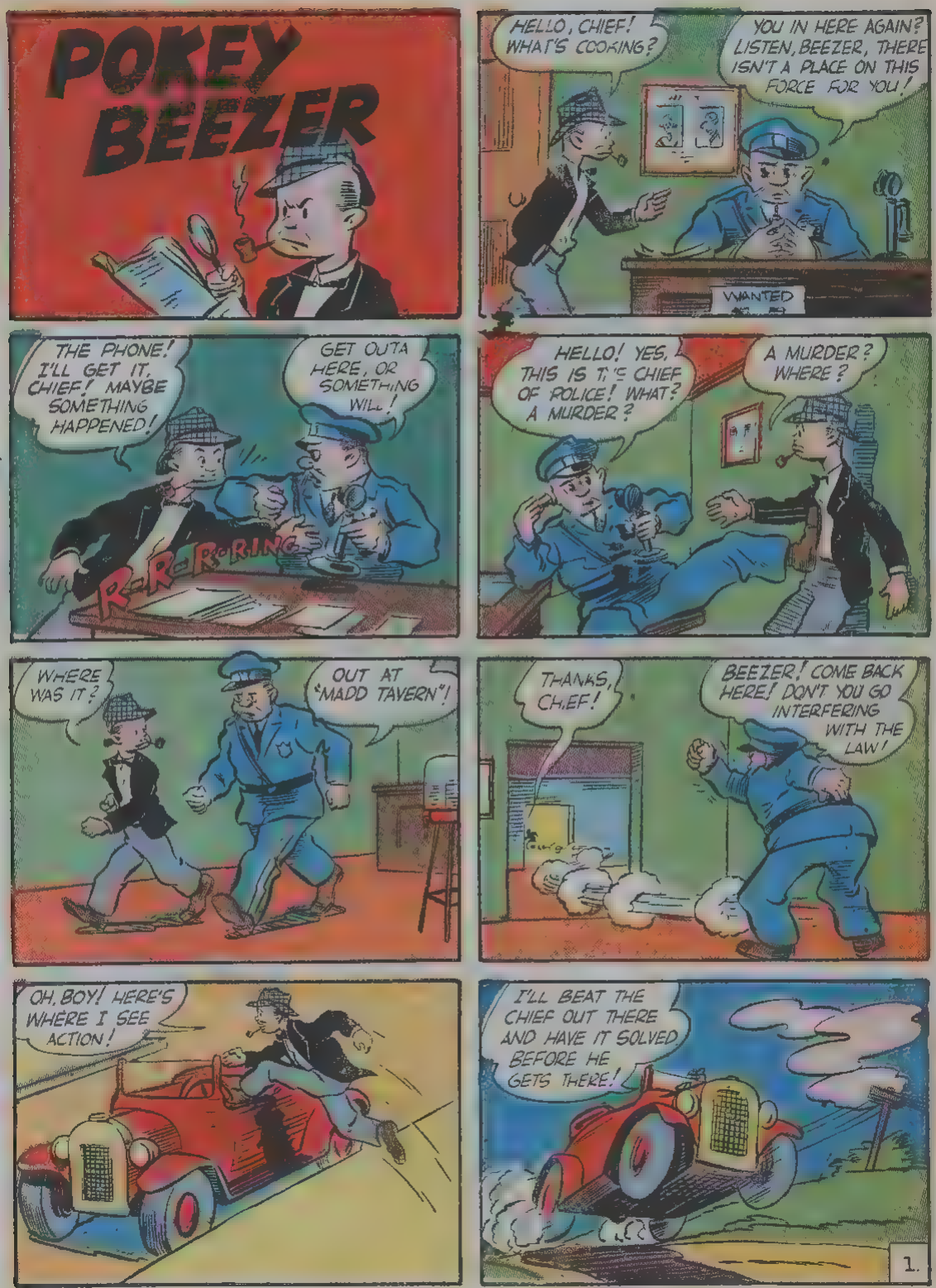
WITH THE ADDITION OF *STAR SPANGLED COMICS* TO THE DC COMIC GROUP, THERE ARE NOW

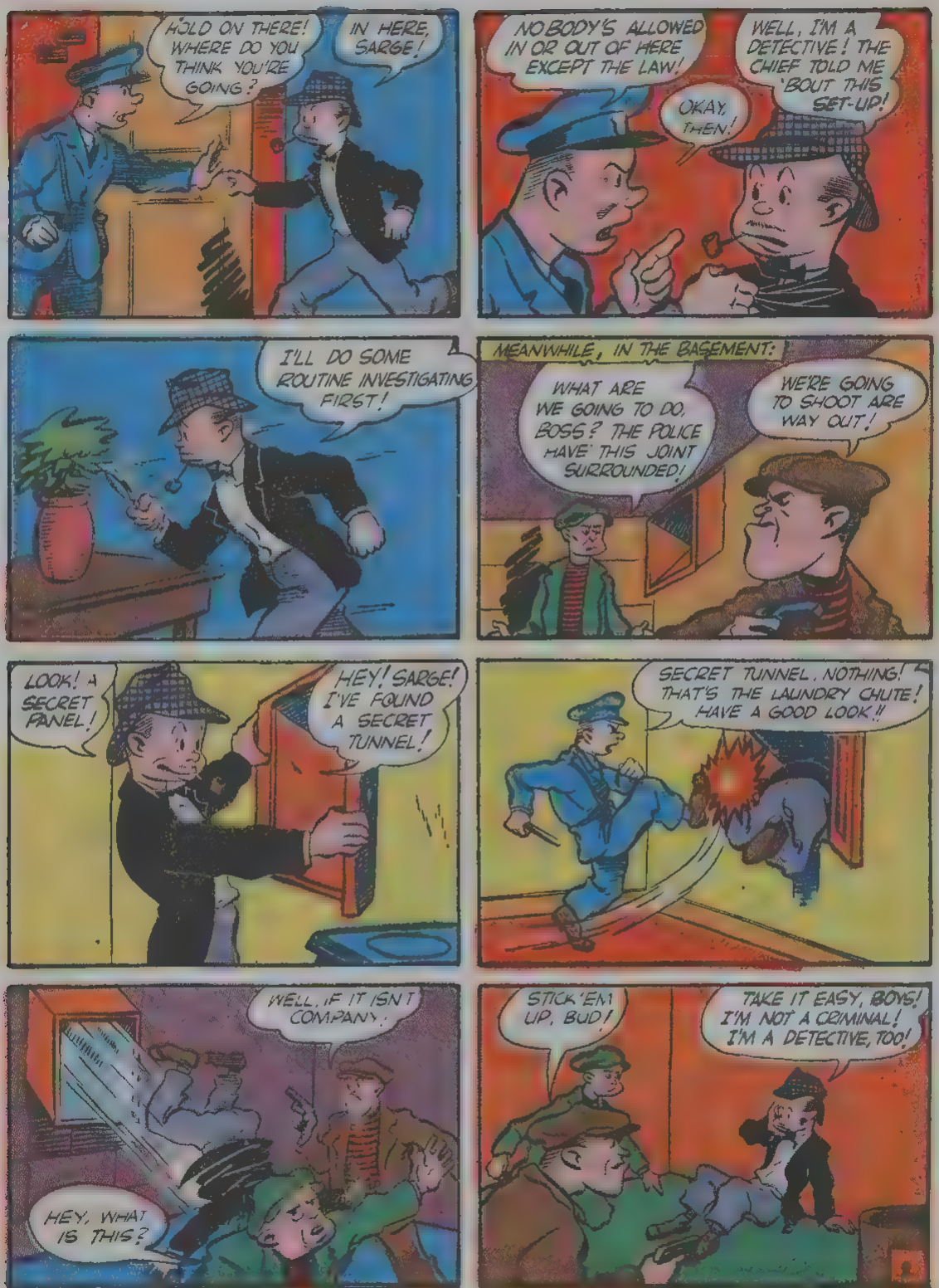
SEVEN MONTHLY MAGAZINES

BEARING THIS TRADE-MARK WHICH MEANS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

"Tops" IN COMIC READING!


POKEY BEEZER
HELLO, CHIEF! WHAT'S COOKING?
YOU IN HERE AGAIN? LISTEN, BEEZER, THERE ISN'T A PLACE ON THIS FORCE FOR YOU!
WANTED
THE PHONE! I'LL GET IT, CHIEF! MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPENED!
GET OUTA HERE, OR SOMETHING WILL!
R-R-R-RING
HELLO! YES, THIS IS THE CHIEF OF POLICE! WHAT? A MURDER?
A MURDER? WHERE?
WHERE WAS IT?
OUT AT "MADD TAVERN"!
THANKS, CHIEF!
BEEZER! COME BACK HERE! DON'T YOU GO INTERFERING WITH THE LAW!
OH, BOY! HERE'S WHERE I SEE ACTION!
I'LL BEAT THE CHIEF OUT THERE AND HAVE IT SOLVED BEFORE HE GETS THERE!
1.


HOLD ON THERE! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
IN HERE, SARGE!
NOBODY'S ALLOWED IN OR OUT OF HERE EXCEPT THE LAW!
WELL, I'M A DETECTIVE! THE CHIEF TOLD ME 'BOUT THIS SET-UP!
OKAY, THEN!
I'LL DO SOME ROUTINE INVESTIGATING FIRST!
MEANWHILE, IN THE BASEMENT:
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, BOSS? THE POLICE HAVE THIS JOINT SURROUNDED!
WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT ARE WAY OUT!
LOOK! A SECRET PANEL!
HEY! SARGE! I'VE FOUND A SECRET TUNNEL!
SECRET TUNNEL, NOTHING! THAT'S THE LAUNDRY CHUTE! HAVE A GOOD LOOK!!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T COMPANY.
HEY, WHAT IS THIS?
STICK 'EM UP, BUD!
TAKE IT EASY, BOYS! I'M NOT A CRIMINAL! I'M A DETECTIVE, TOO!

DETECTIVE, TOO? YEH, WE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE MURDERER!
WELL, I'M NOT! THE MURDERER IS IN THIS TAVERN. WE HAVE TO FIND HIM!
SURE! JUST LOOK AROUND IN THIS CROCK FOR HIM!
NICE GOING, SPIKE!
WOW!
HELP!
LET'S HIDE IN ANOTHER ROOM!
COME BACK HERE AND TAKE THIS THING OFF MY HEAD— OW!
CRASH
OW! I GOT IT OFF! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CATCH THOSE GUYS!!
THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. I'LL GET THEM!
THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING! IT'S PROBABLY THEM COMING BACK!!
TAKE THAT, TOUGH GUY!
WHAM!
3.

OW! IT'S THE CHIEF THAT I SOCKED!
THE MURDERERS ARE HIDING BEHIND THAT PARTITION!
LET'S RUSH THEM!
NOW'S THE TIME. COME ON!
THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME!
I'LL JUST SWING OVER THAT PARTITION ON THIS PIECE OF OLD CLOTHES LINE!
HEY! THE ROPE BROKE!
WOW! SOMETHING BROKE MY FALL!
WHAM
IT'S ALL OVER, MEN! BEEZER CAUGHT THEM, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW!
WELL, THERE ARE A LOT OF UPS AND DOWNS ABOUT THIS BUSINESS YOU FELLOWS WILL NEVER KNOW!
4

ACTION STUFF

BY ERIC CARTER

JOHNNY SHEAN put down his megaphone and signaled the cameraman to stop grinding. Grimacing, the cameraman, Ben Boyd, slung the light tripod and camera over his shoulder and walked over to where Johnny was bawling out his youthful cast in this amateur movie the gang was making.

"You fellows are supposed to be gangsters, fleeing from the police," he raged. "So when you come around that bend in the road come around fast!"

"But, Johnny," protested Willie Evans. "We came as fast as that old jalopy of mine would go. And Tim's car isn't any faster." He ventured a suggestion. "Why don't we make this picture another 'Grapes of Wrath'? The car would fit in nice then."

Johnny's voice was exasperated. By now the boys who were playing the FBI had come up. They listened as Johnny again explained. "First, the gangsters firing blanks, come around the bend. A bank has just been robbed and the FBI is after the mobsters. Here, wait a minute——"

Johnny ran down the road, stopped and waved his hands. Then he rushed back. "Right where I was," he said, "is where the gangster car should pass the camera going at least fifty. I'll mark it somehow. Nobody uses this old road anymore so it's safe to speed. And I know Willie can handle his car, if nobody else can. Now are you with me or against me?"

"Gosh, Johnny," they chorused. "We're with you. After all, we want the Winawasha Moviemakers Club to win the amateur movie productions tourney."

"Okay," Johnny said professionally. "On your way then. And come out shooting," he added as an afterthought.

Johnny and Ben, his cameraman, watched as the car turned around and headed for the bend. "It'll take five minutes for them to get started," Johnny said. "So we'll have to hurry and mark the spot where the cars will flash by the camera. Here, we'll use your car, Ben. It's small and won't appear in the picture."

Ben's protests fell upon deaf ears. The car, a bantam model, was his pride and joy. But when Johnny explained nothing could happen to it, he agreed to use it as a marker on the side of the site Johnny had selected. "Willie will set it there," Johnny said, "and race his car. That way we'll get a good action shot."

Johnny climbed into the small car and drove it where it would serve as a marker. It sat upon a slight incline, but Johnny figured, that wouldn't show in the picture.

Ben had his camera set up. Seeing Johnny leave the car, he cried plaintively: "Listen Johnny, I want——

"Never mind," Johnny said, excitedly. "Here they come now." The sound of pistol fire reached their anxious ears. "Start cranking Ben," Johnny cried. "And don't miss a thing!"

Directorial eye alert, Johnny watched the progress of the dilapidated car as it rounded the bend and raced ahead. "Good work, Willie," he murmured. "You're sure getting plenty of speed out of it."

Appreciatively, he watched as the FBI car came around the bend. Then he goggled. What had happened? These weren't FBI men—they were uniformed officers! How had the boys gotten those suits?

Johnny's heart leaped as he suddenly realized he wasn't looking at his actors. Those were real cops!

And the others? He couldn't be sure as the car zoomed past him. What had happened? What was Willie trying to do?

"Johnny, my car. Look!" There was anguish in Ben's voice, but his eye was still glued to the camera as he cranked.

His car was sliding down the incline, straight into the path of Willie's ancient vehicle. Too late, the driver of the latter swerved. There was a loud explosion as tires blew out. The car crashed into the cliffs lining the mountain road.

Ben's eyes were wet as he shouldered his camera and ran with Johnny to the collision. Police were pulling strange men from the wreckage of Willie's car.

Dazed, Johnny heard Ben say: "They didn't hurt my car. But no thanks to you, Johnny. I tried to tell you not to park it on an incline. The brakes wouldn't hold."

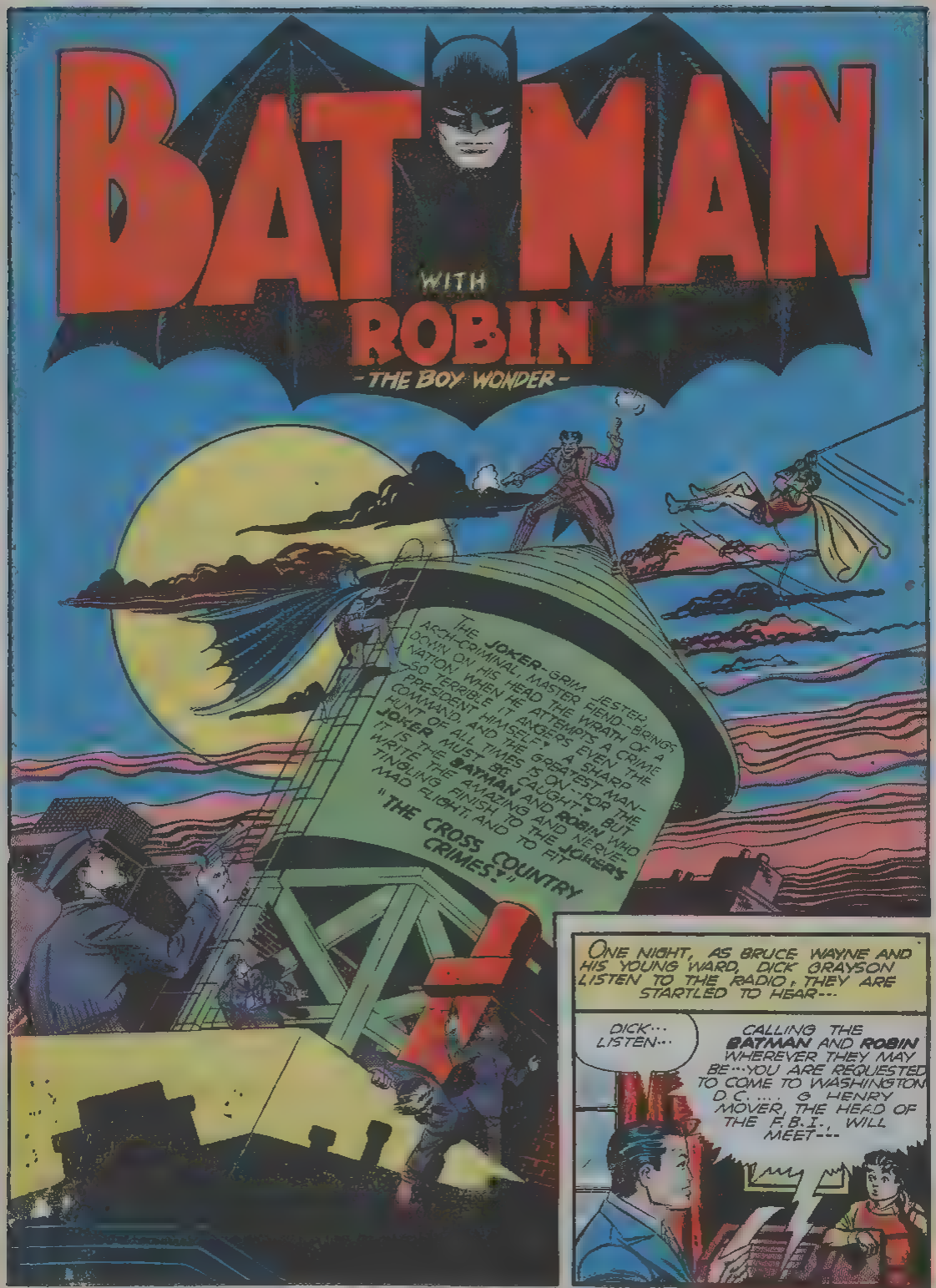
Johnny heard these words in a daze. Police Chief Weber was talking to him and saying: "You sure saved the day, Johnny. These muggs held up a bank in town, and figured on getting out over this old highway. When their car broke down, they seized one you boys were using. We saw them from the other hill." His eyes strayed to Willie's wrecked car. "We could have caught *that* on a bicycle," he added. "But you can be sure the bank will replace it." His men hustled the thieves into the police car.

Weber's eyes fell on the camera. "So you lads are making another movie, Johnny," he said. "That's fine. Keeps you out of mischief."

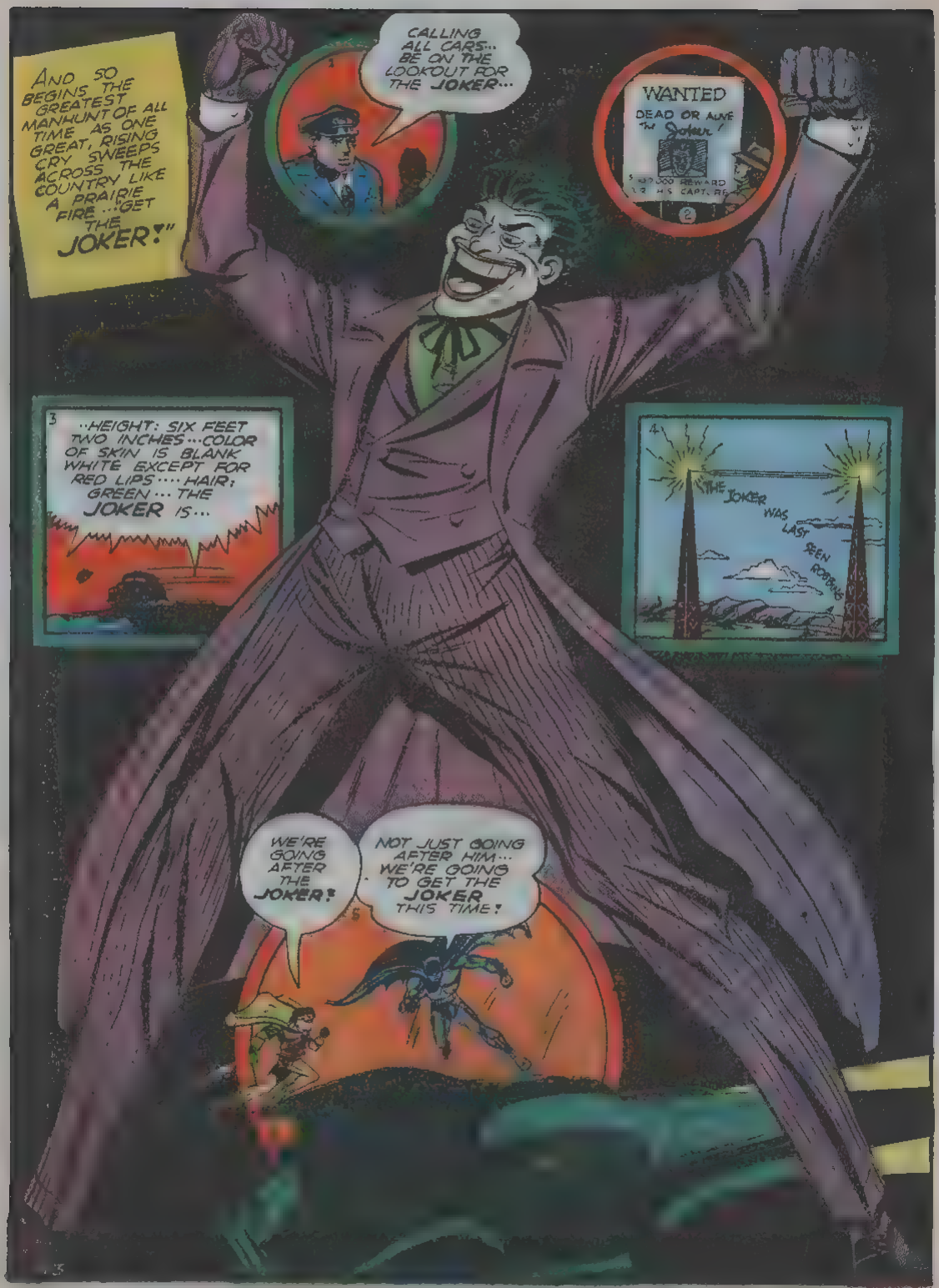
Weber hustled his burly figure into the car as an excited Willie and his "thugs" came up. "By the way, Johnny," Weber said kindly, "I don't want to spoil your fun, but be careful out here. Anything can happen. This isn't the movies, you know."

Johnny smiled as the police car rolled away. "No," he said, softly. "It isn't the movies. Just wait until you see this picture!"

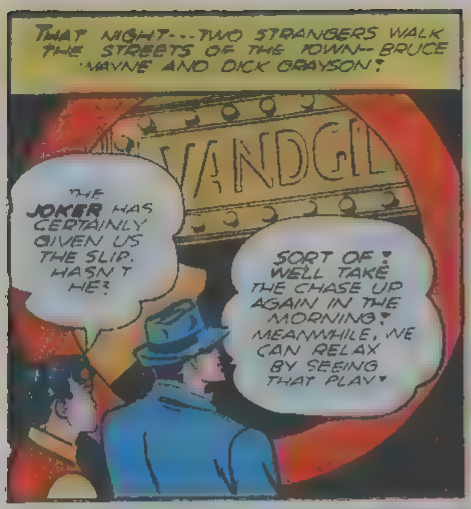
THE END


BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
THE JOKER-GRIM JESTER-ARCH-CRIMINAL MASTER FIEND-BRINGS DOWN ON HIS HEAD THE WRATH OF A NATION WHEN HE ATTEMPTS A CRIME SO TERRIBLE IT ANGERS EVEN THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF! A GREATEST MAN-HUNT OF ALL TIMES IS ON-FOR THE JOKER MUST BE CAUGHT! BUT IT IS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN WHO WRITE THE AMAZING AND NERVE-TINGLING FINISH TO THE JOKERS MAD ESCAPADE AND TO FIT "THE CROSS COUNTRY CRIMES!"
ONE NIGHT, AS BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON LISTEN TO THE RADIO; THEY ARE STARTLED TO HEAR---
DICK... LISTEN...
CALLING THE BATMAN AND ROBIN WHEREVER THEY MAY BE...YOU ARE REQUESTED TO COME TO WASHINGTON D.C.... G HENRY MOVER, THE HEAD OF THE F.B.I., WILL MEET---

... AND WILL PERSONALLY DELIVER THE GOOD WISHES OF THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT FOR YOUR EFFORTS IN RIDDING THIS COUNTRY OF CRIME --THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF REQUESTS YOUR APPEARANCE SO DO NOT---
LET'S GO! THOSE ARE ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON!
WOW!
NOW THESE TWO BECOME THE TWIN TERRORS OF ALL CRIMINALS--THE BATMAN AND ROBIN....
THE BATMOBILE ROCKETS THE DYNAMIC DUO TO WASHINGTON WHERE THEY LEAD A GREAT TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION INTO THE CITY AS THE PEOPLE CHEER WILDLY-
WELCOME OF BATMAN and ROB
LIFT ME UP HIGH, MOMMY-
THREE CHEERS FOR THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
I WANT TO SEE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
WOW!
HURRAY!
O. HENRY MOVER HIMSELF GREETS THE HEROES--
IT'S INDEED A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU TWO---
ROBIN AND I CAN NEVER HOPE TO BE AS THOROUGH AS YOUR G-MEN, MR. MOVER!
SUDDENLY A SINGLE, STACCATO SHOT RIPS THROUGH THE AIR!
CRACK!
I MISSED YOU, BATMAN! BUT I'LL GET YOU AGAIN SOME OTHER TIME! HA! HA!
WHO IS THIS TERRIBLE, MENACING FIGURE? CAN IT BE..... YES, IT IS --- THE JOKER!
THE JOKER DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW! MOMENTS LATER, PURSUING POLICE REAPPEAR--
NOT A TRACE OF HIM!
WE'LL FIND HIM IF WE HAVE TO TURN THIS COUNTRY UPSIDE DOWN!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE IDLE EITHER!
AS THE SHOCKED NATION LISTENS--
TONIGHT THE CAPITAL IS STILL TALKING ABOUT THE BRAZEN ATTACK OF THE JOKER...
THE MENACE OF THE JOKER MUST BE COPED WITH-
THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF TONIGHT ORDERS THE NATION'S POLICE FORCE TO BRING IN THE JOKER.
3

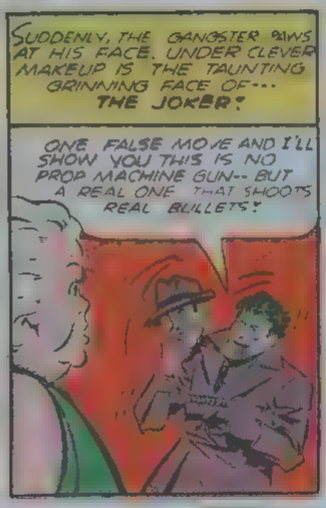

AND SO BEGINS THE GREATEST MANHUNT OF ALL TIME AS ONE GREAT, RISING CRY SWEEPS ACROSS THE COUNTRY LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE..."GET THE JOKER!"
1
CALLING ALL CARS... BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE JOKER...
WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
The Joker
REWARD
2
3
..HEIGHT: SIX FEET TWO INCHES...COLOR OF SKIN IS BLANK WHITE EXCEPT FOR RED LIPS.... HAIR: GREEN... THE JOKER IS...
4
THE JOKER WAS LAST SEEN ROBBING
WE'RE GOING AFTER THE JOKER!
NOT JUST GOING AFTER HIM... WE'RE GOING TO GET THE JOKER THIS TIME!
5

A SMALL RADIO STATION NEARBY--
---AS YET, THE JOKER HAS NOT APPEARED IN THIS TERRITORY AND---
YOU SPEAK TOO SOON!
GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-- THIS IS A SPECIAL PROGRAM COMING TO YOU FROM THE JOKER! HA! HA! TO THE POLICE AND ESPECIALLY THE BATMAN I HAVE THIS TO SAY---YOU MAY LOOK FOR ME, BUT YOU WON'T FIND ME!...
AND ON A LONELY ROAD SOMEWHERE--
--I--- THE JOKER--- LAUGH AT YOUR EFFORTS---YOU HEAR ME--LAUGH! HA! HA!
IT'S HIM! EVERYBODY LOOKING FOR HIM, AND HE MAKES A SPEECH! WOW!
THAT WAS STATION ROB---A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE! I'LL HEAD RIGHT FOR IT!
BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY FIND THE JOKER IS--
GONE! THE JOKER'S GONE!
YES--- BUT HE'S LEFT SOMETHING FOR US!
THE FIRST CLUE!
GUESS WHERE I AM GOING NOW, BATMAN- HA! HA! HA! HA!
WHAT'S IT MEAN?
THE JOKER'S JUST TOLD US HE'S GONE TO NEW JERSEY- AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL PICK UP HIS TRAIL! C'MON!
A SMALL TOWN SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY----
GOOD PLAY EH, JOHN? I HEAR THE VANDGILTS ARE LETTING THE ACTORS USE THE REAL VANDGILT DIAMONDS FOR TONIGHT'S OPENING PERFORMANCE-
GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT! HALF A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH O'GEMS LENT BY THE PEOPLE CONCERNED IN THE PLAY!
VERY INTERESTING.....!
STRAIGHT FROM Broadway
VANDGILT
A PLAY ABOUT
FIRST FAM
OF OUR F
4


THAT NIGHT---TWO STRANGERS WALK THE STREETS OF THE TOWN--BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON!
THE JOKER HAS CERTAINLY GIVEN US THE SLIP, HASN'T HE?
SORT OF! WELL TAKE THE CHASE UP AGAIN IN THE MORNING! MEANWHILE, WE CAN RELAX BY SEEING THAT PLAY!

BRUCE AND DICK ARE GIVEN SEATS IN THE DESERTED BALCONY AS THE PLAY BEGINS.
PUT UP YOUR HANDS! I WANT YOUR PRETTY GEMS!
A THIEF!

HISST .. THOSE AREN'T YOUR LINES... OOF--
SHUT UP! I'M AD LIBBING! I'M ACTING OUT THIS PLAY IN MY WAY! NOW--- THE GEMS, PLEASE!

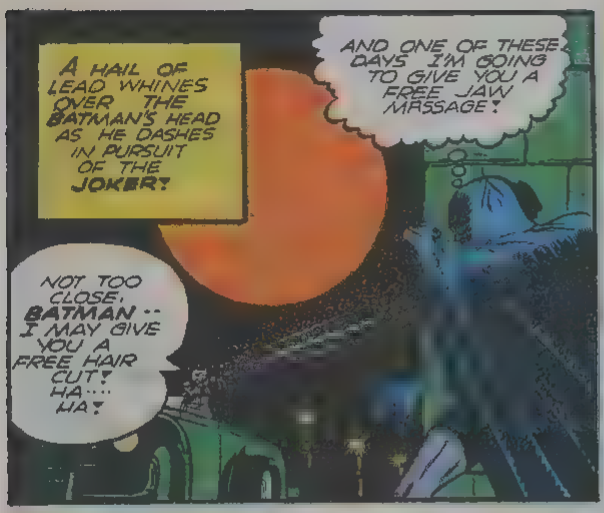

SUDDENLY, THE GANGSTER PAWS AT HIS FACE. UNDER CLEVER MAKEUP IS THE TAUNTING GRINNING FACE OF--- THE JOKER!
ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL SHOW YOU THIS IS NO PROP MACHINE GUN-- BUT A REAL ONE THAT SHOOTS REAL BULLETS!

LOOK!
THE JOKER... HERE... C'MON- HE'S GOT A FORTUNE IN GEMS!

A SPLIT INSTANT LATER, THEIR OUTER CLOTHING IS DISCARDED AND THEY ARE REVEALED AS BATMAN AND ROBIN!
HERE WE GO AGAIN, ROBIN!

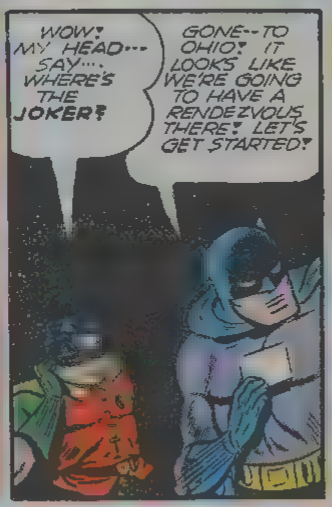
ON THE SILKEN ROPE, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN SWING OVER THE AUDIENCE.

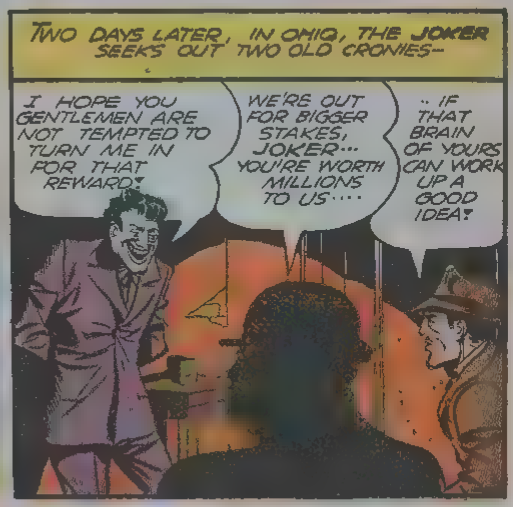
AH?... BATMAN AND ROBIN! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
AND NOW I THINK IT ONLY FITTING I GREET YOU WITH A "BANG-UP" WELCOME! HA! HA!
THEIR TRAINED BODIES CUSHION THE PLUNGE WITH THE OLD ACROBATIC STUNT OF ROLLING OVER AND OVER AS THEY HIT THE FLOOR!
EVEN AS ROBIN STARTS TO RISE, THE JOKER LEAPS FORWARD AND RAKES THE BOY'S HEAD WITH A SAVAGE BLOW!
AH--AH! STAY BACK, BATMAN! ONE FALSE MOVE FROM YOU OR ANYBODY HERE, AND THIS BOY DIES!
YOU!
THE AUDIENCE VIEWS A DRAMA MORE TENSE THAN ANY YET PLAYED ON THAT STAGE!
KEEP BACK--- I WARN YOU!
STAY BACK, BATMAN! HE'LL KILL THAT BOY!
THEN, AS THE JOKER REACHES THE DOORWAY, HE ACTS SWIFTLY-- HE HURLS ROBIN FORWARD.
AND NOW-- YOU MAY HAVE YOUR PRECIOUS ROBIN!
6

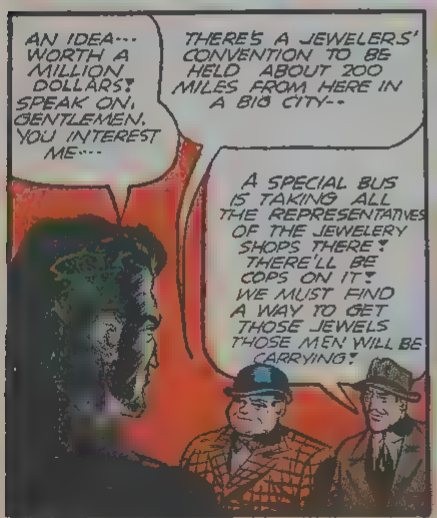

A HAIL OF LEAD WHINES OVER THE BATMAN'S HEAD AS HE DASHES IN PURSUIT OF THE JOKER!
AND ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A FREE JAW MASSAGE!
NOT TOO CLOSE, BATMAN.. I MAY GIVE YOU A FREE HAIR CUT! HA.... HA!

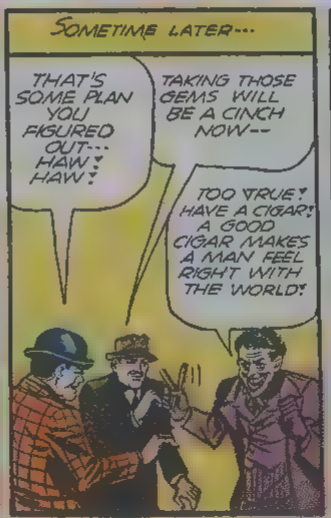
WITH A ROAR, THE CAR LEAPS AWAY--
ADIEU, BATMAN! HA! HA!
LAUGHING HYENA! WHAT'S THAT HE'S DROPPING, I WONDER?

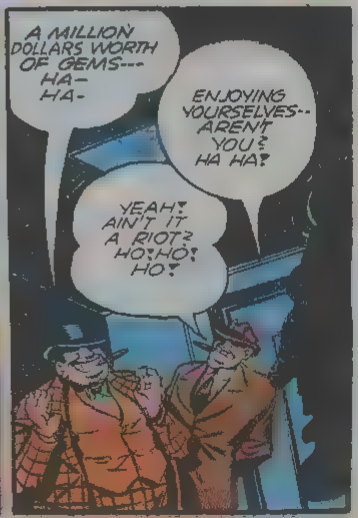
THE SECOND CLUE!
JOKER
OHIO


WOW! MY HEAD... SAY.... WHERE'S THE JOKER?
GONE--TO OHIO! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A RENDEZVOUS THERE! LET'S GET STARTED!


TWO DAYS LATER, IN OHIO, THE JOKER SEEKS OUT TWO OLD CRONIES--
I HOPE YOU GENTLEMEN ARE NOT TEMPTED TO TURN ME IN FOR THAT REWARD!
WE'RE OUT FOR BIGGER STAKES, JOKER... YOU'RE WORTH MILLIONS TO US....
.. IF THAT BRAIN OF YOURS CAN WORK UP A GOOD IDEA!


AN IDEA... WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS! SPEAK ON, GENTLEMEN. YOU INTEREST ME...
THERE'S A JEWELERS' CONVENTION TO BE HELD ABOUT 200 MILES FROM HERE IN A BIG CITY--
A SPECIAL BUS IS TAKING ALL THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE JEWELERY SHOPS THERE! THERE'LL BE COPS ON IT! WE MUST FIND A WAY TO GET THOSE JEWELS THOSE MEN WILL BE CARRYING!


SOMETIME LATER...
THAT'S SOME PLAN YOU FIGURED OUT... HAW! HAW!
TAKING THOSE GEMS WILL BE A CINCH NOW--
TOO TRUE! HAVE A CIGAR! A GOOD CIGAR MAKES A MAN FEEL RIGHT WITH THE WORLD!


A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GEMS--- HA- HA-
ENJOYING YOURSELVES-- AREN'T YOU? HA HA!
YEAH! AIN'T IT A RIOT? HO! HO! HO!

WILDER AND STILL WILDER GROWS THE LAUGHTER. SUDDENLY, ONE MAN GASPS CONVULSIVELY AND CLUTCHES AT HIS THROAT··
HA! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
HA... AGGHHH...
HIS BODY SINKS TO THE FLOOR, LIPS FREEZING INTO A TERRIBLE JOKERS GRIN!
YOU··· YOU GRINNING DEVIL··· YOU POISONED US! THOSE CIGARS!
YES, THEY CONTAINED AMMONIUM NITRATE HEATED. IT FORMS LAUGHING GAS! TO IT, I ADDED MY SPECIAL JOKER SERUM! DID YOU REALLY THINK I'D LET YOU SHARE THOSE JEWELS WITH ME? · HA HA!
AND THAT NIGHT··A MAN TOILS TIRELESSLY ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY···
FIRST I'LL BLACK OUT PART OF THE HIGHWAY STRIPE···
AND NOW TO CONTINUE THE STRIPE TILL HERE! HA··· HA···!
SOME DISTANCE BACK · A SPECIALLY CHARTERED JEWELERS' CONVENTION BUS HURTLES THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT!
WE NIGHT DRIVERS FOCUS OUR HEADLIGHTS ON THE WHITE STRIPING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY AND JUST FOLLOW IT!
LOOK HOW DARK IT IS! HOW DO YOU BUS DRIVERS MANAGE TO DRIVE ON THE HIGHWAY ON THIS SORT OF NIGHT!
THAT'S INTERESTING··· LOOK OUT--!
HUH? WHA··?
A REVERBERATING CRASH REACHES THE EARS OF THE TWO OCCUPANTS OF ANOTHER CAR ON THE SAME HIGHWAY!
WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE A SMASHUP-AHEAD. WE'D BETTER STOP AND INVESTIGATE-
RASH
TWO MANTLED SHAPES DROP DOWN TOWARD A MAN WHO BENDS OVER THE TWISTED WRECKAGE!
THIS HIGHWAY PROVED A PATH OF DESTRUCTION FOR THEM! HA-HA-WHA···!
YOU MURDERER!

A SWIFTLY-DRAWN GUN SPRAYS JOKER GAS AT THE CHARGING ROBIN!
YOU ARE MUCH TOO IMPETUOUS!
THIS GAS IS DILUTED AND ONLY RENDERS THE VICTIM UNCONSCIOUS FOR A FEW MOMENTS!
NOW-- IT'S YOUR TURN ... UGH!
NOTE QUITE, JOKER!
THE JOKER WHEELS AND FLEES, THE BATMAN IN FULL PURSUIT! THE CHASE TAKES THEM UP A MOUNTAIN SIDE--
A MONORAIL CAR! A PERFECT ESCAPE!
I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOMETIME, BATMAN! HA! HA!
YOU'LL SEE ME SOONER THAN YOU THINK... IN FACT--
-EVEN SOONER!
OH YEAH! HA! HA!
A UNEXPECTED VICIOUS KICK ALMOST SENDS THE BATMAN PLUNGING INTO YAWNING SPACE!
AH! THAT ONE MUST HAVE HURT--EH, BATMAN?
9

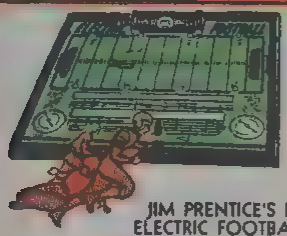
THEN--
WHAT--! THE CAR'S MOVING THE OTHER WAY-- BACK WHERE IT STARTED!
YOU'LL DROP RIGHT INTO MY HANDS NOW JOKER!
THE ANSWER: ROBIN HAS RECOVERED FROM THE GAS AND PULLED THE SWITCH THAT WILL SEND THE CAR BACK--WITH THE JOKER IN IT!
BUT YOU FORGET I KNOW A TRICK OR TWO MYSELF..
SEE YOU AGAIN! HA HA!
BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN RECOVER FROM THIS UNEXPECTED MOVE, THE JOKER MAKES HIS ESCAPE!
LATER -- THEY FIND THE THIRD CLUE!
KANSAS, EH? IF THAT'S THE JOKER'S NEXT MOVE, IT'S OURS, TOO!
THE BATMOBILE ROCKETS THRU STATE AFTER STATE ON THE TRAIL OF THE ELUSIVE JOKER!
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN CLING TO THE TRAIL, WHEN STARTLING WORDS SNAP THEM UPRIGHT--
CALLING ALL CARS! THE JOKER HAS BEEN SEEN ENTERING A HOUSE ON 2255 CONCOURSE AVE. .....

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIND THE SUSPICIOUS DWELLING SURROUNDED BY POLICE--
SO THE JOKER'S IN THERE EH?
YES... AND THIS TIME WE'RE GOING TO GET HIM!
WITH THE POLICE CHIEF AND AN ASSISTANT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN PAD SOFTLY UP THE CREAKING STAIRS...
THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE JOKER!
LET'S GET HIM!
BUT AS THE MEN SPRING ON THE SEATED FIGURE--A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH--AND AN INVISIBLE HAND HURLS THEM BACK TO SHOCKED UNCONSCIOUSNESS ON THE FLOOR!
MINUTES LATER--A DAZED GROUP RISES TO ITS UNSTEADY FEET...
WHAT HAPPENED?
DON'T TOUCH THAT! YOU'LL GET ANOTHER ELECTRIC SHOCK-THE JOKER RIGGED UP AN ELECTRICALLY CHARGED DUMMY TO FOOL US! THE FIEND!
THE FOURTH CLUE IS FOUND ON THE FLOOR..
DELAWARE
LATER...
I WONDER WHY HE CROSSED OUT THE "D" IN DELAWARE?
THAT'S BEEN PUZZLING ME, TOO! AND LOOK AT THE FIRST CLUE HE LEFT US- THE 'NEW' HAS BEEN CROSSED OUT OF NEW JERSEY - WHY? MUST BE A REASON
NEW JERSEY... OHIO... KANSAS.... HOLY SMOKE! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN... I'VE GOT THE ANSWER NOW!

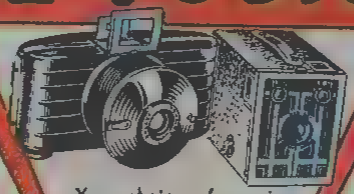
THE BATMAN WRITES A LIST OF THE CLUES....
LOOK WHAT THE LETTERS OF EACH STATE SPELL OUT AFTER WE CROSS OUT "NEW" AND THE "O" OF DELAWARE!
JERSEY IS "J" ---THEN "O" ---"K" --- "E" --- WHY, THEY START TO SPELL OUT THE JOKER'S NAME...
New Jersey
Ohio
Kansas
& Elaware
AND ADD THE 'R' & 'E' RHODE ISLAND- JOKER! THAT EGOTISTICAL MANIAC HAS SPELLED HIS NAME ACROSS THE COUNTRY. INSTEAD OF GOING TO DELAWARE AS HE EXPECTS US TO---
I KNOW- WE'RE GOING TO RHODE ISLAND- WE'LL BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF HIM-
New Jersey
Ohio
Kansas
& Elaware
Rhode Island
TWO DAYS LATER--
HA! HA! "I. NAMTAB WILL STOP AT THE FRAY HOTEL AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND. NAMTAB IT IS RUMORED HAS WITH HIM THE JONKERS DIAMOND, ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD..."
PROVIDENCE, EH-- I'LL BE THERE AND AWAY BEFORE THE BATMAN- THE DIAMOND IS MINE!
FRAY HOTEL--- THE JOKER'S KNUCKLES RAP SHARPLY ON I. NAMTAB'S DOOR--
COME IN!
YOU! THE BATMAN!
ALSO I. NAMTAB...BATMAN REVERSED. I KNEW IF I USED A DIAMOND AS BAIT IN THE NEWSPAPER, YOU'D BITE— AND YOU DID!
I'M NOT CAUGHT YET, BATMAN! NOT YET!
BUT YOU SOON WILL BE, BROTHER-- YOU SOON WILL BE!
YOU LITTLE BRAT- GET OUT OF MY WAY!
12

LAUGH YOURSELF OUT OF THIS ONE JOKER!
MAYBE I WILL-- YET--
WITH THE BATMAN IN PURSUIT THE JOKER RACES THRU THE HOTEL-UNTIL HE FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED ON THE MARQUEE---
THE JOKER VAULTS THE MARQUEE AND DROPS TO THE TOP OF A CAR THAT MOVES FROM THE HOTEL--
HA-HA! STILL LAUGHING, BATMAN! BUT LOUD- HA-HA!
HA-HA! GOOD-BYE, BATMAN!
YOU LAUGH JUST A BIT TOO SOON, JOKER! YOU MADE A NICE MOVE-- BUT I THINK I CAN MATCH IT!
AS THE CARS MOVE THROUGH THE HEAVY TRAFFIC, A MAD CHASE BEGINS ATOP THE SPEEDING VEHICLES--
A FLYING TACKLE, AND---
IN THE MIDST OF THE HONKING CARS, THE BATMAN MARKS "FINIS" TO A LONG, GRUELING HUNT--
HONK HONK HONK
JOKER---IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, THERE'S ANOTHER BIT OF TERRITORY THAT HAS AN "R" IN IT-- ALCATRAZ!-- YOU'RE THROUGH!
AND IN ALCATRAZ PRISON-
I GOT OUT OF JAIL ONCE BEFORE AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN! THERE'S NO JAIL MADE THAT CAN HOLD THE JOKER!
THE END

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE



JIM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME
Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast-moving Electric Game.



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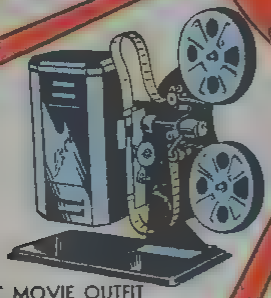
Get Daisy's swell RED RYDER CARBINE. A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle. A real he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also given



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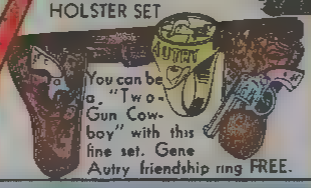
GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET



You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.

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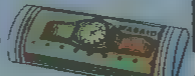
Full size, full tone, decorated with western scene and Gene Autry's signature.



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My choice of prize is _____

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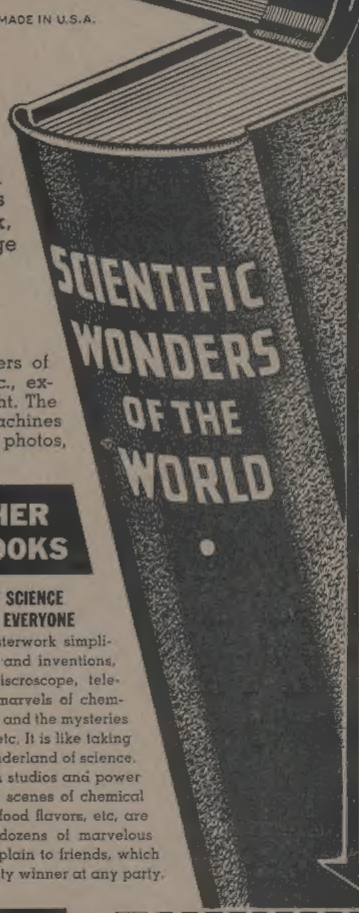

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"It's a Humdinger, Fellers! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work...large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made th' Front Sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind yuh of th' Golden West!"

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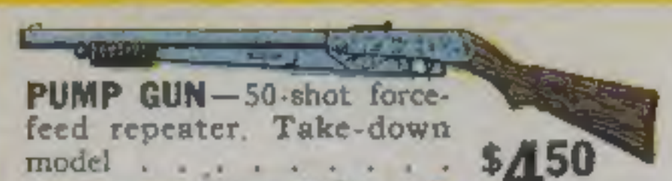

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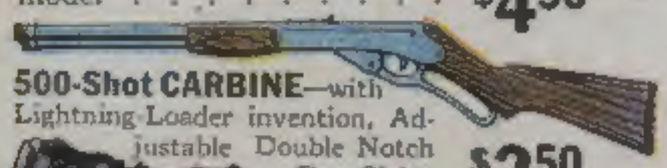

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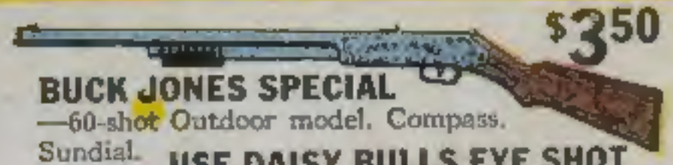

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